THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY WM. G. MEACHEM.

When fair Aurora paints the orient skies
With purple, roseate and golden dies,
When gleeful songsters, from each bush and tree,
Salute the morn with choral symphony,
When thrice ten thousand beads of pearly dew
With lustrous spangles all the meadows strew,
When nature yields her incense breath to me,
Unnumbered sweets from forest and from lea,
Sweet girl, I think of thee.

When fires meridian from the zenith glow
On all the summery landscape spread below,
When weary harvesters their toils resign
And round the well filled board in concert join,
When nature's varied orchestra is mute,
The mingled notes of insect, bird and brute,
When worn, fatigued, the day sits calm and still
An hour on the summit of the hill,
I think of thee, sweet girl.

When evening clips the day of its bright beams,
And leads it shorn to shadowy realm of dreams,
When waning tinctures streak the Western sky,
And Hesper opens his cyclopean eye,
When shade and silence, with a steady pace,
Wrap earth and sky in their prolonged embrace,
When pensive musings dwell with memory,
Or point prophetic to the yet-to-be,
Sweet girl, I think of thee.

When midnight reigns in solitary gloom,
And nature sleeps in her diurnal tomb,
When thought goes forth amid the vast profound,
And wanders, without compass, round and round,
When sad or joyful memories rush amain,
And tear the heart beneath their fearful strain,
When friendship's hallowed hours come back to me,
And love recalls her tenderest melody,
Sweet girl, I think of thee.

Warsaw, July 20.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY A. P. M. COMBS.

Whoever bows at Nature's shrine,
And wanders forth in Autumn time
Among the forest trees,
And gazes on the golden throng
Of spangled leaves all o'er them hung,
His soul will surely wake to song,
And rapturous melodies.

Peach, plum and orange tints all lend,
And with the ambered crimson blend,
Along the wooded ways;
Of all the varied gorgeous hues
October's breath o'er nature strews,
None rivals the rich mellow views
Of leaves in Autumn days.

The saffron dappled poplar high,
Blends with the oak's rich purple dye,
Each gemmed with rosy stains;
The softened yellow hickory's seen,
The scarlet maple right between—
The beach, still to its faded green,
A stubborn hold retains.

And far off in the smoky blue,
The dim specked hazels glimmering through,
An humble tribute bring;
While o'er the river's silvery stream,
The darker pine still waves its green,
And casts o'er all the shadowy scene
A gleam of dying spring.

Then hailing from his chilling lair,
The frost-king breathes on night's still air
His icy dews around—
Sol, rising from his orient fold,
Then floods the woods with liquid gold,
The leaves then loose their slender hold,
And mournfully drop down.

The fitful wind then swaggering comes,
And whirls the leaves from out their homes,
In wildest tumult race—
In panic tossed, they frightened look;
In every cranny down the brook,
In every hollow, sheltered nook,
They seek a hiding-place.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY SYDNEY HOLMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET," "UNSERHEIM," ETC.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XII.

Leaving the crowded, darkening streets of the excited little village, let us follow the carriage as it is driven at a still increasing haste down the lonely road. Its inmates did not exchange a word until they had entered the forest and were passing the very spot where the murder had been committed. Judge B—— looked eagerly out at the place.

"Poor Cadogan!" he exclaimed, drawing in his head. "What does this sudden summons mean, Mr. Heyne?" addressing the prisoner's counsel. "You, of course, understand it."

"It means death, I hope," answered the lawyer, gravely. "The removal of a curse which has rested for years upon an inoffensive family, and had well nigh wrought more evil among us than even this horrible murder. Do not ask me to explain. In a few moments you will see and hear for yourselves."

They drove on in silence until, as the far-off village clock struck ten, they entered the broad enclosures in front of the Alt farm-house. All was silent, the deep baying of a watch-dog alone greeted them. The house had a peculiarly lonely and deserted aspect, lit by the cold moonlight, the leafless branches of the wild ivy clinging black and loose to its front. One light only shone dimly in a distant chamber, the sick room of Sarah Cadogan, for since the night after the murder she had lain prostrate and exhausted by the terrible conflict of feeling. The tall, gaunt form of old Jeptha appeared in the doorway, carrying a night-lamp, that threw a ghostly flicker over her face and figure.

"You bring us to a gloomy enough welcome, brother Heyne," said the Judge, alighting. "That old witch looks most picturesquely horrible."

"There is a figure," rejoined the other, "with which you are better acquainted."

As he spoke, a small, wiry-looking man approached them from behind the house, whom the Judge recognized as one of the police. He exchanged a whispered word or two with Mr. Heyne, and then preceded them into the house.

"We are in time," said the lawyer, in a low voice, "go in, gentlemen."

The negress went before them with her lamp, muttering to herself as she went; the men followed in a close group. They entered the large room which we have described so often, and waited for a moment while the official who had greeted them on their arrival disappeared. There was no fire in the grate, the room was unswept and neglected, the ashes lay scattered over the hearth, and from an open window the snow and wind blew in upon the floor. The men, shivering with cold, paced up and down the floor impatiently. At last the policeman appeared again at the door and beckoned to them. They followed him, the old woman creeping on behind, still talking to herself and wringing her hands. Leaving the main hall, they ascended a flight of stairs, at the top of which they passed another policeman motionless as a statue. On through the dusty, neglected corridors, where the wind blew cold and damp, to a side hall leading into one of the vacant gables. Another and another policeman posted at intervals.

"You have the house strongly guarded, Mr. Heyne," whispered the other lawyer. "Have you a murderer here to take charge of?"

"Worse," replied the other, briefly. "Go on, there is no time to lose."

They had reached, now, the narrow gallery through which we once traced Sarah Alt's trembling footsteps.

"Have you materials for writing?" whispered the lawyer to Judge R. We shall need them."

The negress passed before them and opened the door into the mysterious ante-room, then set down her lamp and waited. The policeman rapped softly upon the door at the other end. After a moment's pause, it opened and Agatha stood before them. Thinner and whiter than before, her face half hidden by a muffling black mantle. She did not seem to see them, but passed through them with a noiseless step, a glazed, fixed eye, like one who has seen some nightmare of horror. The rough policeman looked after her pityingly, then motioned them to enter the door, which he held ajar.

"There is no danger now," he said, in a low voice.

The Judge was the first to pass in. A low, sullen howl, like an animal in pain, was heard by the others from the room within. Then they all entered, and the door was closed. The policeman paced the dark ante-room for an hour, hearing nothing but a low hum, as of some one continuously speaking. Then there came a sudden outcry of surprise and terror, a rushing to and fro, a chorus of broken exclamations. Then all grew still, save now and then a shrill cry of excessive agony, of sharp pain, and a low moan. Even that grew fainter, and at last all was deathly silence. After a pause they came out, paler and graver than when they went in, one carrying a paper on which were written a few hurried lines. Mr. Heyne nodded significantly to the policeman, who followed him without a word. They passed down the long corridors again, the chief of the police making a silent sign to his subordinates as he came near them, which made them quietly desert their posts and follow him from the house. Without meeting any of the family, they reached the front of the house, and entering the carriage, without speaking, were driven rapidly away.

Meantime, the dull night-lamp burned dimly in the deserted ante-room; old Jeptha cowered in one corner, looking with terrified glances to the half open door, within which she could see nothing but darkness. She heard footsteps beside her. It was the figure of Robert Gaunt, who half led half carried his cousin Agatha.

"Come, little cousin," he whispered, "it is at last the time when you promised I should know all."

Her strength had deserted her, the strength which the necessity of keeping her secret had given. Now that that secret was disclosed, she had sunk at once from the woman firmly up-bearing a strained tension of suffering to a weak, trembling child. Clinging to his arm, she entered, for the last time, the mysterious door. At its threshold, Robert Gaunt drew back with a momentary dread. Here was the fatal curse that had blighted the lives of these women, that had brought crime, falsehood, murder, into their midst—here lay concealed the secret hidden for years—the Skeleton in the House. The room was small and square, with but one window, and that was secured with double rows of heavy iron bars. The furniture was of a singularly massive description, nothing light or moveable was in the room, even the fire was protected by an iron grating. He glanced hurriedly around. The apartment seemed to be vacant; but Agatha, leaving his side, went softly up to the bed and drew aside the curtains, which were closely drawn. She raised her hands with a low cry, and sank down upon the floor, with the one word:

"Dead—dead."

Robert Gaunt looked into the bed and shrank back, sick with disgust and horror. Then, drawing the curtains close again, he lifted the insensible girl in his arms and bore her from the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Again the court-room was filled to suffocation, for the populace were even more excited with curiosity than on the day before. A rumor was abroad that new and startling disclosures were to be made, which would free the prisoner at once. Therefore, when he was brought out from the prison, no muttered execration greeted him, as before. All his kindly acts, his genial, gentle ways, came slowly to the recollection of those who had known him, and as he turned his eyes gravely and sadly over the crowd, he caught many a half-repressed glance of friendly encouragement.

At last the trial re-commenced. No need now for the crier to command silence; a profound stillness reigned over the assembly. The court called for the rebutting testimony, and Mr. Heyne rose with the deposition of the wife of the murdered man in his hand. As he opened and read the opening sentences, the prisoner lowered his face upon the railing before him. Even to save his own life, there seemed a sacrilege in thus permitting her words to be uttered before this multitude of people. That sign of emotion was all. After that he remained motionless as if carved from stone. The clear, ringing voice of the lawyer filled the building as he read the brief statement. It was as follows:

"My maiden name was Sarah Alt. I was born in Lenox, New Hampshire. My mother had two children beside myself, a girl, named Agatha, and a boy several years older than I. My brother was born horribly deformed, and his mind seemed as distorted as his body. No vice was too low or degrading for him to commit; I need not tell the history of those first years of his life, they were filled with crime and agony. He left us at last, assumed another name, and for two years abandoned himself to every temptation. My father was dead; no one was cognizant of our relationship to my brother but an old negress, Jeptha, for we had removed to a distant part of the State. At last he joined the celebrated gang of murderers who infested the Southern States, and finally became their leader. The name he assumed was ——."

As the lawyer uttered this notorious name, a burst of profound emotion passed over the audience. A name known to all present—known to our readers as the most celebrated of the band of trained assassins, who, a few years ago, laid their organization over the country with the secrecy and deadly certainty of the Thugs of India—a name which, from its fearful crimes, has passed into a proverb. Mr. Heyne paused a moment after uttering it, then proceeded:

"You can guess my story from that name alone. You know, as all the world knows, of the last great crime of his life, so unnatural, so singular in its horror, that I dare not name it. He was arrested, and, as you know, escaped. He was supposed to have been drowned that night in crossing the river ——. But he was not drowned. He came home to us, and demanded a shelter. What could we do? My mother returned to Orth, as being the most secluded place in which we could take refuge. My brother was concealed in one of the gables, supposed to be vacant. It was at first his intention to leave the country, but disease overtook him. By this disease, and through the long confinement, he became at last a madman. The fits of insanity were long and violent. He required daily, nightly attention. My sister had acquired an almost irresistible power over him; I have seen him in his most furious moments crouch at her feet, crying like a child. But one person beside ourselves and the old negress knew of our secret. This was a man who does not live in Orth, and whose name I need not disclose; he is infirm, unable to support himself, and depended upon us for a maintenance. We gave it to him to secure his silence. It is not the place here to speak of the daily, the hourly misery which the presence of my brother—a madman, the victim of deformity and of loathsome disease—subject at any moment to suffer capital punishment for the worst of crimes—brought upon us. It was to gain money to enable us to keep him concealed and to buy the secrecy of the one witness that my sister toiled unceasingly, that I broke my troth to Stephen Fleming, and married a man for his money who deserved a better wife. On the night of the 24th, my brother escaped, and possessed by a demoniac strength, broke through the barred doors, and made his way out of the house. He returned near morning, bringing with him my husband's ring, which he had torn from his finger, the knife still covered with blood, and the staff which he had wrenched from my husband's hand. The act of murder seemed to have restored his reason; he has been in possession of his senses ever since, but is determined to destroy himself before suffering himself to be arrested. I make this statement to save the life of Stephen Fleming, who I believe, before God, to be innocent in word or deed."

Mr. Heyne refolded the paper, and proceeded in a clear, business-like manner, with his statement, amid a low murmur of intense feeling that ran through the court-room.

"As soon as this deposition was placed in the hands of a magistrate a warrant was issued for the arrest of the unfortunate man. But before he could be removed from his place of concealment to prison, he found means to attempt his life by cutting the veins of his arms. Guards were placed over him, and he was detained until last night, when his disease returned with unusual violence, and his strength having been exhausted by the loss of blood, he sank slowly, but surely. Your Honor, in company with a magistrate and others, visited him and obtained from his own lips, he being then perfectly sane, a full confession of the murder of John Cadogan. He has gone now to meet the full punishment of his crimes before a higher tribunal than this."

A moment's silence, then there rose from the excited people a deafening cheer—another, and another. Free! Yet Stephen Fleming sat unmoved by the storm of acclamations. Perhaps he remembered how, but yesterday, the same lips had been filled with clamors for his blood; perhaps he did not hear them. His thoughts were far away—where, only his own heart knew. Yet, as he lifted his dark, clear eye to the gray sky without, it grew dim with a sudden moisture. The rest of the trial, which was but a form, passed like a dream. At last he found himself in the open air, surrounded by a pressing, tumultuous crowd, the Judge grasping him by the hand, and a thousand voices uttering congratulations and welcomes.

He grew faint from excessive weariness; quietly drawing away from his demonstrative, but late friends, he caught sight of a brown, sturdy face at a distance, and made his way towards it.

"Take me home with you, John Saunders," he said; "yours is the only roof in Orth under which I will ever lay my head to rest again."

Two days passed—the feverish excitement was subsiding in the village, so far as its outward manifestations were concerned. The strangers that had filled the inns were gone, each to bear into his own quiet farm-house this wonderful story. Business went on as usual, but under the calm routine of everyday life men wondered, and argued, and talked under their breath, of this strange shock which their ordinary quiet had borne. Gossiped at corners or shop doors, or in the market-place, growing suddenly silent if one of the actors in this drama passed by. Stephen Fleming became the greatest object of curiosity, but he perversely refused to gratify the public desire, carefully secluding himself from all prying eyes, and declining to receive all visiters excepting Dr. Mac Fergus. The third morning after the trial closed, dawned cloudy and dark. The snow fell now and then in large, slow flakes, but the heavy, gray sky foreboded a long and steady storm. Stephen Fleming stood at the window of John Saunders' cottage, looking wistfully out into the dreary moor. The blacksmith, delaying to go to his work in honor of his guest, stood with his back to the fire.

"Ye wunna' go the day, chield," he said. "It's a thing no to be talked of. Look at yon cloud aboon the farthest mountain; there's snow there to block up the ways for weeks."

"The more reason I should be gone," said Fleming. "I will not start, however, for an hour or two, and in the meanwhile, John, go to the forge. I have some business to attend to, and I will call there and bid you good-bye."

The warm-hearted old Scotchman persisted in his hospitable entreaties, but they were useless. He saw the cloud growing heavier on his guest's face, of pain and weariness, and suddenly paused.

"Well, boy, it may be you're in the right. After a' that's come and gone, our old town is not the best or cheerfullest place for you. So go, if you must, and take an old man's blessing wi' you. Come to the forge when you are ready to start, I mauna' a bit crack wi' you."

Half an hour afterwards, Stephen Fleming rode on his way from Orth. The last farewell had been said, the last debt paid, the last look given to the old, familiar homesteads, in all of which he had once been a welcome guest. It was all over—all. So he spurred his horse as he reached the end of the village street, catching one more glimpse of old John at the door of his forge, waving a red handkerchief. The road, brown and bare, stretched before him through the desolate moor—the road that led into the wide world into which he was returning without a hope or a wish, only a weary, dull sense of a something lost—a something that contained the essence of all life's happiness or use. Lost, and lost forever. The moor was passed—he entered the path leading through the forest. One more pain had yet to be borne. He must pass the Alt farm—it lay on one side of the road; he could see the house of gray stone thrown into bold relief by the dark clouds behind it. *She* was there—in that deserted old house, over which the curse of death had fallen. She, who even now was dearer to him than even in the days when he loved her first. He stopped and looked at the winding path leading through the leafless trees. It was but a step, and he would see her. And, though he knew it was in vain, that they were nothing to each other now, his very soul was hungry for the sight. Scarcely knowing what he did, he obeyed the fierce impulse, and, dismounting, took his way up the narrow path.

Sarah Cadogan was alone, in the room called by courtesy the library, opening into the great parlor. She sat before the fire, her sewing idly fallen on her lap, her hands folded, looking dreamily at the charred embers. She heard him coming. Though years had elapsed since she heard that step, she knew it now, the instant it crossed the threshold of the great hall door—coming, coming, nearer each moment, through the hall into the outer room—past the closed door of the room where she was. He might not enter, he might leave the house without seeing her, and never return. Yet she sat spell-bound, neither moving nor uttering a sound, conscious only of the deadly chill that crept through her limbs paralyzing her; every footfall falling firm and heavy on her throbbing brain.

He stopped—she heard the handle of the door move, the step enter, and he stood beside her. Then, slowly, weakly, she rose and faced him. Yet, after all, there was no scene worthy of the drama. Only in novels do people faint and utter passionate words and cries. The most terrible tragedies of real life are enacted under the coldest forms, the most smiling rules of courtesy. We utter a few short sentences which we know will leave our brother's life a barren waste; we are stabbed to the heart by some deadly poisoned word; yet we bow and jest and exchange the greetings of the day—only a slight pallor of the lip, only a dry, burning flash of the eye, tells the story of the undercurrent of our lives. So Sarah Cadogan and Stephen Fleming met, with the simple, grave courtesy of strangers.

"I am leaving Orth," he sad, quietly, "and called to bid you farewell. No, I cannot stay," replying to her gesture to be seated.

Whatever she said, her words were inaudible. At last she raised her eyes and read his face.

"You have grown paler and older," she said, half unconsciously.

"My life has been one of hard labor," he replied. "I hope it may always be so."

Again there was a silence. She broke it at last, turning suddenly to him, with a husky whisper.

"Stephen, can you forgive me?"

For a moment he did not reply.

"I do. I know that, through all, you were true to me."

"I was true, Stephen; God knows that," she sobbed, burying her face in her hands.

He turned away and paced the room in silence. She sank down upon the floor, resting her head upon her hands. The snow fell thick and white outside, the clear fire crackled and dropped its gray ashes on the hearth. Before the minds of this man and woman rose the great Past, full of the birth of a strong immortal love. In the narrow room, where the veiling snow-clouds made a dim twilight, they stood for the last time together. Between them was a shadowy hand, dark, immutable as fate, putting them asunder. The moments crept by, moments in which years of hopes and pain lay hidden. When they were gone, he left her. He did not say farewell, only came nearer to her, and when she lifted her white, haggard face, stooped and kissed her forehead, gravely, with a stern silence, as one kisses the face of the dead.

Then he was gone. She crouched, half kneeling, upon the floor, motionless, listening to the sound of his departing footsteps. They died away at last. Then only the light fall of the ashes broke the silence.

And he, through the long, dreary day, the fleecy snow dulling the sound of his horse's footsteps, rode through the encircling hills into the wide world beyond. Leaving his native village, his free, careless youth, his hope, his thwarted ambition and the one heart that loved him, behind him. Forever? Who shall say? If these two human hearts, whom the laws of love and nature had made one, were put asunder by the cold, inflexible doom of circumstance, until death left them free to meet beyond the dark river, who shall wonder? It would be but an everyday story of common life. No sadder, stranger story than your heart, reader, could tell, if it dared utter its own history.

It may be that, after years of chastening pain, they met again. That, having drunk their portion of life's bitter cup, and, made stronger, purer, more loving for the draught, they went together through the rough road until the chill evening darkened around them, and the last heavy Night came on. Who shall say?

Long years ago, those lovers parted beneath that gray winter sky, while the snow fell slow and deep. Whether those years brought to them joy or pain—what matters it now? Long ere this, they sleep in the land where all things are forgotten, where their tears, or their love, or their hate is remembered no more forever. Enough for us to know that the gray winter sky of to-day bends over the home that has long since forgotten them, and the cold, screening snow hides even their graves from view.

CHAPTER XIV.

One picture more to place before our readers, and our task is ended. The evening of a day of unclouded sunshine—with its close came a troop of light purple and gold-flecked clouds, sweeping slowly around the setting sun. The quaint old town of St. Augustine slept in the flood of crimson light, faint, pearly wreaths of smoke curling lazily up from its chimneys through the clear blue above. The tide fell with a low swoop upon the rocks, while a long swell of glittering foam ran out in a silvery line upon the ocean. Down on the beach, a white-sailed ship from the North floated at anchor. A motley group of sailors, English, French and Spanish, loitered around the bank of the harbor, their confused babel of tongues contrasting strangely with the Sabbath-like stillness of the town above.

About a mile from the densely-settled part of the old village, a ledge of level meadow land ran along the mountain side. Upon this, nestling among thickets of trees, was a stone building, fashioned oddly, something between a Swiss chalet and an English cottage. The evening was cool, dampened by the fresh sea-breeze, and the windows of the old mansion gleamed cheerfully with a ruddy fire-light shining out into the gathering night. Two men slowly ascended the winding path leading up the rocks to the house—one, an old, gray-headed man, leaning lightly on a cane for support, was talking earnestly, in a low, gossiping voice, interrupting himself by occasional hearty bursts of laughter. The other, younger but graver, listened with a quiet smile. Ten years have passed since we last saw those faces in Orth, but the years have fallen lightly on each. They were talking even now of those old times, which an open letter in the old man's hand had recalled.

"You remember, Robert," said Dr. Mac Fergus (for it was he), "how you promised that, if I ever came to visit you in your Florida home, I should have space and room enough to become a perfect Nimrod among these cliffs. We did not think, then, that it ever would become my home, as well as yours, and that, in the years I have sat in your chimney corner, the poor birds should never hear the sound of my rifle."

Gaunt took the letter and glanced over it.

"Ten years," he said, with a half sigh, which suddenly changed into a smile, as a childish shout of welcome broke upon them from behind a thicket, and a sunburned, sturdy little fellow, of some half dozen years, tumbled down the rocks and caught the hands of both.

"Here they are," he called aloud.

A lighter step followed more cautiously down the cliff, and a fairy-like looking girl scrambled into view.

"Come to old uncle," said the doctor, taking the boy to himself, "father will have enough to do to get home without you."

Robert caught the little girl in his arms and hurried up the path. A few minutes after, when the old man and the boy had slowly completed the ascent, stopping now and then to pick nuts from the overhanging boughs, they saw a group beneath the low porch-roof of the cottage. A group which, though seen every day, seemed to strike the old man with a sense of novelty. He stopped, and seating himself upon a stone by the path-side, suffered his pet child to join the others, while he looked on in silence. Robert Gaunt stood leaning against one of the pillars of the house, his broad, sturdy frame in an attitude of careless repose, his forehead, over which a few dark curls were mingling with the bleak breeze of evening air. Time had scarcely changed the dreamy, dark face, leaving lines of anxious thought and care, but lines also of a gentler charity, a wider, more tender sympathy. It was a face that would command obedience from the most rebellious strength, but one to which a child or a beggar would turn instinctively for aid. The two children sat together on the grass, in eager consultation over a forsaken bird's nest.

But there was another figure, upon which the doctor's eye rested with a proud, fatherly fondness, and Robert Gaunt's with a feeling of deeper, holier love. A woman's form, robed in pure white, a face of such quiet, tender beauty; such deep, serene repose, that it became the impersonation of the Sabbath calm around. She was reading the letter in silence. When she had finished, she folded it and looked up with a dim sense of pain struggling over her fair face. The names of her childhood's home and friends had awakened the long sleeping memory of the years of misery past. Her clear eyes wandered wistfully over the ocean, while slow, sad tears gathered in them.

Her husband did not speak, only watched her closely, thoughtfully. Her hands were clasped together, and as the sharp pain of those years, long dead, grew stronger in her heart, she twisted them convulsively in the old nervous way.

Robert stooped and whispered in her ear, "Agatha." That was all. She started as if from a night-mare dream, and flashed a look on him from her tearful eyes of eager joy and love.

"Oh, Robert," she exclaimed. "Let us never think of that old life again."

"Never again," he answered. "Let us leave it, dead, there beyond the sea," and he waved his hand across the vast ocean which lay between them and the spot where they had suffered life's bitterest pain. "Let us live here in this present home of sunshine and love, where I have hidden you, my tired bird, in flowers and shadow, until you have grown strong and made your life one sweet, pure song." He raised his hand playfully, so as to shut out the darkening view from the North. "There lies your past life—henceforth let our eyes rest only here," and he pointed to the bright home scene.

She looked up with a radiant sparkle in her face, then pointed upwards to the shadowy ether that veiled the Heavens, with a grave and deeper meaning.

"Here, Robert, and then—there. But always—*together*."

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE INFIDEL HUSBAND.

BY MRS. A. S. RAVENSCROFT.

"Mother! oh, mother, guess what news I have for you!"

The speaker was a young girl of eighteen, and the words were addressed to her mother, who turned inquiringly toward her and replied:

"I am not good at guessing, so you will have to inform me, Cora, what this wonderful intelligence is."

"Well, Edwin Hartley has proposed, and I have accepted him, with your consent," said Cora, "I know you will not say nay."

"I have but one objection to Mr. Hartley, my daughter, and that is, I fear he is rather skeptical as regards religion; in other words, he is an infidel."

"Oh, do not say that mother. I know he is not a church-member, but I do not think so harshly of him as that."

"I have every reason to believe that what I say is true, Cora. Mr. Hartley is not one whom I would choose as a husband for my child. With your yielding disposition, you should have some one to lead you in the path of truth, not error. I do not think Edwin Hartley at all suitable for you; therefore, my consent will not be willingly given."

"Do not say that you are opposed to our marriage, dearest mother, for my happiness depends on this union. I love Mr. Hartley, and I know he ardently returns my love. I do not think you could find a more desirable son-in-law—handsome, talented and wealthy. Most mothers would be anxious for the match, while you, simply on account of his religious opinions, wish me to refuse him."

"I am opposed, I acknowledge, to the match, as you term it, my daughter; still, I do not say you shall not marry Mr. Hartley, but if you do I tremble for your future. Do you not know the Bible says: 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, or what communion hath light with darkness, or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel.' It is not long," continued Mrs. Wilton, "since you renewed your baptismal vow, by the holy rite of confirmation, and still your trembling feet need guidance to walk the narrow way that leadeth to eternal life. But much I fear that Edwin Hartley, instead of admonishing you to follow that way, will lead you farther from the path of duty."

"Oh, mother! I think you are too severe, but I will tell you what I will do. I will ask Mr. Hartley to-night, and if I find he is an unbeliever, I will reject him; but if he his not, you must give your consent."

"Very well, Cora, I will abide by your decision," replied her mother, and here the conversation ended.

Mrs. Wilton was a widow, residing in the city of New Orleans. Cora was her only child, and had been reared with the greatest care. She was very amiable and gentle, but she lacked firmness and stability of character. The casual observer would not have termed her beautiful, yet her face was interesting. Her dark-blue eyes beamed with intelligence; her soft brown hair was ever banded smoothly over her fair brow, and a sweet smile was a frequent visiter to her rosy lips.

Edwin Hartley was a man of about thirty years, handsome and intellectual, with many good traits; but one plague-spot marred the fair surface, he was a disbeliever in the truths of revealed religion. He had travelled in many lands, studied much, and thought more, sought *truth* in all forms, but could not bring his proud intellect to believe the *simple truth*, as it is in Jesus. In his wanderings, he visited New Orleans, and at the house of a friend became acquainted with Cora Wilton. Interested by her sweet face and graceful manners, he cultivated the acquaintance, finding her as guileless and innocent in thought as she was modest and lovely in appearance. He had known women of every land, but had never seen one who came so near his ideal as Cora. He, therefore, determined to win, if possible, the priceless jewel, and wear it as his own. With what success our readers may judge. Mrs. Wilton, on seeing his attentions to her daughter, had made inquiries as to his character and standing. All reports were favorable, but she, with a woman's unerring instinct, knew that, though Edwin Hartley was neither a drunkard nor gambler, and was possessed of wealth and talents, he was destitute of that essential ingredient of a true man—belief of the truth as revealed in the Bible. Cora could not think her mother's suspicions true, so she waited anxiously for his usual evening visit, at which time she intended to question him and satisfy herself. Accordingly, as soon as Mr. Hartley was announced, she hastened to the drawing-room, but after the first greetings were over, she became very silent, for now that he was with her, she did not know how to introduce so delicate a subject.

Mr. Hartley quickly noticed her silence, and seating himself by her side, he placed his arm around her and tenderly inquired.

"What is the matter with my pet this evening? Why are you so still?"

"I have a question to ask you, which I know not how to express," she frankly replied.

"Ask me anything you wish, dear one, I am ready to reply," said her lover.

"But I fear it will offend you, Mr. Hartley."

"Nothing you can say will offend me half as much, my dearest, as that formal Mr. Drop it, if you love me, and call me Edwin. Can you not? Come, let me hear you try."

He still persisted as Cora turned her blushing face from him, and drawing her still closer in his encircling arms, he entreated her until she timidly whispered the desired name.

"Thank you, darling," said the fond lover, as he pressed his lips to her fair brow, "now for your question."

"I have heard, Edwin, that you are an infidel, and I wish to know if it is so."

"Why?" said Mr. Hartley, very gravely.

"Because, on your answer depends our union. I have promised mother that if I found you an unbeliever I would reject you."

"I will believe anything your sweet lips teach," said her lover, hastily, fearful of losing the prize almost within his grasp). "I have given but little attention to such matters, but you, my Cora, shall be my Mentor." By such answers as this he beguiled her trusting heart, and left the impression that he was all she could desire.

It was in exulting tones she exclaimed, as she joined her mother after Mr. Hartley had taken leave: "I told you that you were mistaken, mamma. Edwin is not an infidel!"

"I am very glad for your sake, my daughter, that you are satisfied," answered Mrs. Wilton. "I have no other objection to urge."

In a short time Mr. Hartley urged Cora to set a day for their marriage. Mrs. Wilton was unwilling to part with her child, and he agreed to make New Orleans his home, if she would consent to an early union. At last he won a reluctant consent that they should be married in three months. During that time he guarded his speech and actions so closely, that the most Argus-eyed could have detected nothing to warrant a suspicion that he was aught but a God-fearing man, and even Mrs. Wilton acknowledged that her judgment had been too hasty. Edwin Hartley loved Cora as well as a man of *his* stamp could; for it is a fact, though confessed by few, that a man who reveres not his Creator, has too much of the sensual in his nature ever to love or respect woman as she deserves.

At the appointed time they were united, and Mr. Hartley conveyed his bride to the handsome residence he had fitted up for her reception. Cora was delighted with her new home. Everything was in perfect taste. Rich furniture, rare paintings, and costly luxuries from every clime, were gathered with an unsparing hand, to adorn the mansion of Edwin Hartley. All outwardly seemed very fair, the path of the happy pair was strewn with all life's fairest flowers; yet, even in those flowers, were concealed the thorns that were to pierce the heart of the fond and loving wife.

On the Sabbath after they were settled in their new home, Cora prepared, as was her custom, to attend church, and was surprised on entering the library to find her husband still in dressing gown and slippers, intent upon the morning paper. "Edwin, do you not intend to accompany me," she said.

"Where?" he answered, as he lifted his eyes to cast an admiring glance upon her.

"To church," replied Cora.

"That is a place I never go," was his indifferent answer.

"Never go to church! you wicked man; well I will teach you the way. Come, don your wedding suit and let us be off, every one will expect to see the bride and groom out this morning." Then, as he still hesitated, she put her arms around him and her lips to his, and said softly, "Will you not go with me, dear husband?"

Mr. Hartley was still too much of a lover to resist this appeal, and, rising up, he said:

"Well, pet, I will go with you this time, provided you do not ask me again. I do not believe in church going, nor parsons; it is all cant and humbug."

Cora was shocked at her husband's expressions, and they proceeded to the house of worship rather silently; neither did she enjoy the services as usual, for her husband's words still rang in her ears. Yet, she argued mentally, he did not say he disbelieved in God, only in church going and preachers. On their return home, Mr. Hartley said:

"Cora, I have been to church to-day to please you, but you need not ask me again. You can go if you like, but I have no opinion of such places, so I will stay away."

Several months passed in a constant round of gaiety. One Saturday afternoon, as Cora sat in her boudoir, which had been fitted up by Edwin expressly for her use, she was startled by his sudden entry, for he was not often at home at that hour.

"Cora," he said, "I have just met a couple of old friends who travelled with me in Europe, and they have given me tickets for the opera to-night. Prepare to go, and try to look your sweetest, as I wish to show them what a prize I have drawn in the matrimonial lottery; and, pet, I have invited them to dine to-morrow, so please give orders to the cook."

"But, Edwin, to-morrow is Sunday, and you know if I attend the opera to-night, it continues so late, it will unfit me for Sabbath duties."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Hartley; "Sunday or Monday, it is all one to me. So be sure you are ready;" and he turned from the room.

Cora sat for some time, lost in thought. It was her first trial. Heretofore her husband had allowed her to follow the dictates of her own conscience, but he now wished her to break one of her established rules, which was to hallow the Sabbath day. She knew that she could refuse to go with him to the opera, but not to receive his guests. Summoning the cook, she gave the necessary orders, and taking a book, tried to read until Edwin's return. At tea time he came, and as he met his wife, he exclaimed:

"Cora, why are you not dressed? You will be late."

"Because I do not intend going out to-night," she quietly replied.

"Not going! Why this whim, Cora?"

"You know my reasons, Edwin."

"Are you really in earnest, Cora? Do you refuse to go because you think you will be breaking the Sabbath?"

"Yes," was her only reply, for she saw that he was very angry.

"Very well, then, I will go alone; and you need not trouble yourself about the dinner to-morrow, as I will take my friends to a club, where we can enjoy ourselves undisturbed by your righteous frowns." So saying he hastily left the house.

Cora was deeply grieved, for it was their first misunderstanding, and she retired to rest with a heavy heart—fairly crying herself to sleep. Mr. Hartley did not make his appearance that night, and the next day Cora, feeling too unhappy to go out, remained at home, hoping that he would come in during the day. But it passed, and he came not. For the second time Cora retired to her solitary couch, but was awakened toward morning by hearing her husband's step in the hall. He did not enter her room, but passed on to another in a remote part of the house. The next morning they met at breakfast. Mr. Hartley did not speak to his wife, and she, seeing that he was still angry, said nothing to him. Thus matters continued for several days.

Mrs. Wilton, who came frequently to see her daughter, saw that something was wrong, but said nothing, as she was one of the few who believe in never interfering, by advice or otherwise, between husband and wife.

At length Cora felt she could stand the estrangement no longer so she resolved to speak to her husband and beg his forgiveness for having offended him. Accordingly, that evening when he came home to tea, she met him in the hall, and placing her hand timidly on his arm, said:

"Dear Edwin, I am sorry I offended you. Will you not forgive me?"

"I will, Cora, on one condition: that is, that you never, from your ridiculous scruples, refuse to accompany me anywhere, on Sunday or any other day."

To this she gave a reluctant consent, and they were again friends. From that time Cora, finding that she could not love and obey both the Creator and the creature, forsook the God of her youth, and turned to idols. She became very gay, frequented all places of fashionable amusement, and on the Sabbath, instead as of yore, quietly worshipping in the sanctuary, she was at some dining party, or more frequently spent the day in bed, to recruit her wearied frame for the dissipations of another week.

About two years after her marriage, Cora became the mother of a lovely boy. All who saw the child remarked on his exceeding beauty. On the birth of this babe, a new fount was opened in the mother's heart, and for a awhile Cora felt, as in former times, love and gratitude to the Giver of this perfect gift. Mr. Hartley was very proud of his son, and both parents turned from the world worship to this new idol.

When the child was nearly two months old, Cora said to her husband one morning,

"Edwin, do you not think it is time to have our little one christened?"

"Christened, indeed," replied he, "what is the use of that?"

"Why he will have no name unless he is," said Cora.

"I will name him," said Mr. Hartley, "and if you want water poured on him, I can do that too," and dipping his hand in a basin of water that sood near, he sprinkled it lightly in the babe's face, saying, "I baptize thee Edwin Herbert." Then smiling at his wife's look of dismay, he continued, "There pet, that is as good as if all the parsons in town had been present." Cora was shocked at the sacrilege, but said no more, so the babe was accordingly called after his father.

Time flew swiftly by, and little Edwin had reached his second summer, that interesting age at which children are most loveable. He could lisp in baby tones papa, mamma, could run alone, and the patter of his little feet was music to the ears of his doting parents. Often would Cora look on his wondrous beauty with fear, for he seemed too pure and angel-like for earth.

One evening Mr. Hartley, on his return home, went, as was his custom, into the sitting room, and was surprised at finding it unoccupied. Instantly, fearing something had happened to his child, he hastened to the nursery. He found his wife sitting before the fire with the boy in her arms. As he entered, she exclaimed:

"Oh! Edwin! I am so glad you have come. Our baby is very sick; he is asleep now, but moans continually."

"Have you sent for Dr. Ellis?" said Mr. Hartley, as he bent over the sleeping child.

"Yes, and I am expecting him every moment," replied Cora.

While she was speaking the door bell rang, and the physician was announced. On looking at the child he became very grave, and after administering some remedy, he called Mr. Hartley aside, and told him that the little one had scarlet fever in its worst form. After the Do

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, December 3, 1862.

MRS. BRINSMADE.

The case of Mrs. Brinsmade is one that will, we hope, open the eyes of the Government to the injurious consequences of these unlimited suspensions of the habeas corpus! Persons found aiding and abetting treason in any specified and definable form should be arrested by due course of law, under warrant, and publicly, so that their friends can see that their property, their characters and their persons are protected from injury and insult. Persons coming from suspected districts and who are suspected of being spies, may be required by law on the report of any Government officer to give bail or be sent home, or allowed only a certain range of liberty, but all this should be done by law and done publicly. But this suspension of the habeas corpus at the discretion of police officers, without warrant or hearing of the parties arrested, gives to every petty officer like Bowles, the power to levy black mail and demand bribes or commit the worst insults and crimes with an unlimited license.

We have no doubt that in a case like this much might be said to justify an arrest. It seems pretty well established that Mrs. Brinsmade was the wife of a rebel soldier, herself born in New Orleans, and far too young and interesting to be going about the country living for weeks unprotected at public hotels. But there is not in all her course the shadow of evidence of crime of any kind which would justify her arrest with warrant, certainly none which would justify it without. The case, as presented, is one which concerns not only her liberty, but the liberty and security of every man's wife and daughters. A father puts his daughter or a husband his wife into the cars to go to friend's in another city. What is to prevent this man Bowles, or any of Mr. Kennedy's agents, coming up to this wife or daughter, without warrant, or proof, or hearing, putting her into a coach and dragging her to any vile station he may choose in the heart of New York, and keeping her there his prisoner? Mr. Kennedy, without ever seeing the person, takes Bowles' word for it that he has heard or seen something suspicious in her conversation or letters, or the photographs of friends found in her possession. He visits her when he pleases; Bowles calls her "my dear," or "Bella." When, after weeks of confinement, if her spirit is unsubdued and her character uncorrupted, she, by tossing a letter out into the streets from her prison window, informs her friends that she is still alive, what is left but an exposure that may at least destroy her reputation? This is the most favorable result to herself, but to secure her liberty may not be so easy. She may be sent from city to city under promise of liberty and yet not be released. Her friends may apply for her release, and be sent away again and again with the threat of being locked up themselves if they come again. All this has been done in this case.

What, then, is the source of this irresponsible power? Mr. Bowles claims that Mr. Kennedy is responsible, and he claims the power as a sort of provost. When the laws are appealed to the reply is that in cases of rebellion the President has a right to suspend the *habeas corpus*, and that all good citizens will concede this power. If the arrest in each case were by warrant, under the sign-manual of the President or of the Secretary of State, to be shown to the prisoner or his or her friends, the law might be said to be suspended by the President. But in power of this sort, deputized from Col. Baker to Mr. Kennedy, and from Mr. Kennedy to Mr. Bowles, without any record or proof or report showing who really is responsible, while every petty constable claims and exercises it in the name of the President, the abuse of the power becomes so great that it is necessary that those who are responsible shall put a check to the mischief. No free government in this age should be burdened or entrusted with such a responsibility without some law of Congress to locate responsibility and regulate the use and guard against the abuse of such authority. No man's wife or daughter is safe till this is corrected.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

Lord John Russell's course in publishing so important a part of the diplomatic correspondence between the Governments of France and England in regard to interfering to break our blockade, (for that is *the real* object of the whole procedure,) must afford no little astonishment to all on this side of the Atlantic, and not a few on the other. How this publication will be received in France we have yet fully to learn.

No doubt the object of Great Britain is to show its own forbearance, and that it is not the moving party in Southern recognition. Having is not anxious for as open English Government to inaugurate dismembering movements. It is said, too, that the counsels of Lord Lyons have been given with their entire force in favor of the conclusion to which the English Government has for the time being come. There is no question now but that France is the most eager to interfere, and Russia the least, as having the least interest in meddling and the most friendship for this country. The interests of Great Britain are of a very clamorous kind. Large bodies of her people are living upon thirty-seven cents per week each, in consequence of the lack of our Southern cotton. The condition of such men is terrible. We have had nothing like it here, and the proposition to send them some of our superabundant supply of food to keep up their courage and spirits and show our sympathy with their sufferings, meets with a more general response than could have been expected in time of war.

It is now clear that our armies will have at least a full and fair opportunity to capture Richmond this winter without any troublesome European interference. If we succeed, we shall hear no more of intervention. But in case of any serious disaster, or long continued repulses, or the suffering classes in England growing restive and uncontrollable, England may unite with France and Russia, (if that last power can be drawn into intervention,) and acknowledge the Southern Confederacy.

If, indeed, it had been a simple act of acknowledgement of the independence of the South, that would have relieved the dearth of cotton in Europe, there is no doubt that it would have been done before this. But it is not a question of recognition, but also of breaking a very strict and formidable blockade, by main force. No doubt the fleets of England and France *could* effect this, but it could only be by armed intervention and open war made upon the North and in favor of the South. Such a war in favor of slavery would not only cost more in six months, as Mr. Cobden showed, than the loss of cotton can possibly do, but it would be most unpopular with all the masses of the people of Europe, who are beginning to see that the war grew out of a determination on the part of the North to check a growth of slavery beyond the limits of the Constitution. It would also be very apt to start an era of uprising in Europe, ending in revolution, the extent of which none can foresee.

Thus far, then, intervention is simply delayed, not abandoned, and every motive which can impel a Government and a great nation, urges us to the concentration of all our forces for the capture of Richmond. If we fail in that, all hopes of compromise and restoration will cease, the independence of the rebel States will be backed by Louis Napoleon, our blockade broken, and our country forever disunited. If Napoleon's Mexican intervention, or invasion rather, means anything, it means that he hopes to form out of Mexico and the South, a nation strong enough, and sufficiently united to France, to maintain itself against the North, taking French goods and paying for them in sea island cotton, protected by French arms, and so far dependent as to swell the tide of French influence and French glory.

REMARKABLE UPON ENGLAND.—Reclamations, it is said, have been made upon England for the damages suffered by our commerce from the rebel cruiser Alabama, which sailed under British papers from a British port. There would seem to be some justice in this. The ship was built in England, fitted out and manned by Englishmen, sails under an English flag and must have had a clearance from an English Custom House. The English Government say they cannot interfere to check the enterprise of English merchants, or English shipbuilders, but when their attention is called to the fact that vessels are fitting out in their ports to prey upon our commerce, they can at least require heavy bonds from their owners that no such unlawful use will be made of them.

ON AND AFTER TO-DAY the American Telegraph Company gives notice that it will require that "in any and all cases where an adhesive stamp shall be used, the person so using or affixing the same shall write thereupon the initials of his name, and the date upon which the same shall be attached or used." Messages for which the telegraphic charge is 20 cents or under, for the first ten words or less, require a one cent stamp. Messages for which the charge is over 20 cents for the first ten words, require a three cent stamp.

CHEATING IN A NEW FORM.—Some rogues in New York have commenced defrauding the citizens by reporting themselves as tax collectors under the internal revenue law, and have collected from citizens various sums of money. Taxes are payable at the collector's office, and not upon the call of the collector, except in instances where a call upon the collector is neglected. No doubt this fraud will be tried in other places, and it will be well for citizens to bear the fact in mind, and have the persons arrested who attempt to practice it.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN are going to Australia, professionally, for three years. They will receive $50,000 besides perquisites.

Thirty-eighth Congress—Second Session.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1862.

SENATE.—The Senate met at noon. Vice President Hamlin being absent, the Senate was called to order by the President *pro tem*, Senator Foote.

All the Senators were present except the following:—Messrs. Bayard, Doolittle, Hale, Kennedy, Pearce, Wilmot and Wilson (Mo.)

The Senate was opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Sunderland.

Mr Ten Eyck, of N J., presented the credentials of Richard P. Fields, appointed U S. Senator from New Jersey to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John S. Thomson.

Mr. Nesmith of Oregon, presented the credentials of Benjamin F. Harding, elected U. S. Senator from the State of Oregon.

Mr. Anthony presented the credentials of Samuel Green Arnold, elected Senator from the State of Rhode Island, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Jas. F. Simmons.

The above Senators appeared and took the usual oath.

On motion of Mr. Collamer, a committee of three was appointed to confer with the committee of the House, and inform the President that Congress was ready to receive any communication.

Messrs. Collamer, Grimes and Saulsbury were appointed the committee.

On motion of Mr. Browning of Illinois, it was ordered that the hour for the daily meeting be 11 o'clock.

On motion of Mr. Anthony, the Senate took a recess till one o'clock

After the recess, Mr. Collamer said the Committee had waited on the President and the Message would be immediately communicated.

The message of the President was received and read by the Secretary of the Senate.

The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE.—The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Stockton, Chaplain, in the course of which he returned thanks for the brightening prospects of liberty for the slave, and for our emancipation from a system which he said has involved us in so much sin, sorrow and shame, and for a renewned Union with greater powers, insuring the enjoyment of blessing and properity of the Nation.

The roll of the House was called by States and a quorum answered to their names.

A message was received from the Senate that a quorum of that body had assembled and was ready to proceed to business.

On motion of Mr. Washburne of Ill, a similar message was sent to the Senate, and at his instance a committee was ordered to be appointed to act in conjunction with a similar one of the Senate, to wait upon the President and inform him that they are ready to answer any communication he may be pleased to make.

Mr. Roscoe Conkling, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to report the cheapest, most expeditious and reliable mode of plating a vessel of war on Lake Ontario, when the exigency may arise, and of establishing water communication from other waters on the Lakes, and that the Committee report which of the various plans suggested may be most reliably adopted, together with the time and cost of the work.

Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, offered a resolution, which was adopted, that the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire and report to the House, at an early day, by what authority of the Constitution and law, if any, the Postmaster General undertakes to decide what newspapers may and what shall not be transmitted through the mails of the United States.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, offered the following:

Whereas, Many citizens of the United States have been seized by persons claiming to be acting under the authority of the United States, and have been carried out of the jurisdiction of the States of their residence, and imprisoned in the military prisons and camps of the United States without any public charge being preferred against them, and without any opportunity being allowed to disprove the charge made or alleged to be made against them, and

Whereas, Such arrests have been made in States where there was no insurrection or rebellion, or pretence thereto and

Whereas, It is the sacred right of every citizen that he should not be deprived of his liberty without due process of law, and when arrested shall have a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury. Therefore,

Resolved, That the House of Representatives do hereby condemn all such arrests and practices as unwarranted by the Constitution and laws of the United States, and as a usurpation of power never given up by the people to their rulers, and do hereby demand that all such arrests shall hereafter cease, and that all persons so arrested and yet held shall have a prompt and public trial, according to the provisions of the Constitution.

On motion of Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, the preamble and resolution were tabled. Yeas, 80; nays, 40.

YEAS—Messrs. Aldrich, Arnold, Babbitt, Baker, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Blair of Penna., Blake, Brown of Virginia, Buffington, Chaser, Chamberlain, Clark, Clements, Colfax, Frederick A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Dawes, Duell, Dunn, Edgerton, Edwards, Eliot, Ely, Fenton, Samuel C Fessenden, Thomas A. D. Fessenden, Franchot, Frank, Gooch, Goodwin, Gurley, Harrison, Hickman, Hooper, Horton, Hutchins, Julian, Kelley, Kellogg of Michigan, Kellogg of Illinois, Lansing, Leary, Lehman, Loomas, Lovejoy, Low, McKnight, McPherson, Maynard, Mitchel, Morehead, Morrill of Vermont, Olin, Patton, Pomeroy, Potter, Rice of Maine, Riddle, Rollins of New Hampshire, Sargeant, Sedgwick, Sloan, Spaulding, Stratton, Train, Trimble, Trowbridge, Van Horn, Van Valkenburgh, Verree, Walker, Wallace, Wheeler, Wilson, Worcester—80.

NAYS—Messrs. Ancona Bailey, Biddle, Blair of Virginia, Calvert, Corning, Crittenden, English, Fouke, Granger, Grider, Haight, Hall, Harding, Hallman, Knapp, Law, Lazear, Menzies, Morris, Noble, Norton, Odell, Price, Richardson, Sheffield, Shiel, Steele of New York, Steele of New Jersey, Stiles, Thomas of Mass., Thomas of Maryland, Vallandigham, Ward, White of Ohio, Wickliffe, Wright, Yeoman.

Mr. Richardson, of Ill., offered a resolution that the President be requested to inform the House what citizens of Illinois are now confined in Forts Warren, Lafayette and Delaware, and the Capitol Prison, and any other forts and places of confinement, and upon what charges they were arrested, and that the President inform the House the names of the persons arrested in Illinois and confined in prisons outside the limits of the said State, what the charges are against them, by whom made, and by whose authority the arrests were made.

Mr. Lovejoy, of Ill., moved to table the bill. Adopted. Yeas 74; nays 40.

Other comparatively unimportant business was transacted, when a recess was taken for fifteen minutes, in order to await the reception of the President's Message.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, from the committee appointed to wait upon the President, reported that they had performed that duty, and the President would forthwith communicate in writing.

The Private Secretary of the President, Mr. Nicholas, then appeared and delivered the message, which having been read,

Mr. Morrell, of Vermont, moved that it, together with the accompanying documents, be referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and printed.

Mr. Vallandigham desired to say a few words, but he was prevented by the prevalence of the previous question, under the operation of which the motion was agreed to. The House then adjourned.

The following named new members took seats in the House to-day:

George H. Yeaman of Kentucky, in place of Mr Jackson, deceased.

Thos. A. D. Fessenden of Maine, vice Mr. Walton, resigned.

Amos Walker of Massachusetts, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Bailey.

Among the notices of bills, was one by Mr. Cox, to amend the act of July last, so as to increase the revenue by a reduction of the tax on whisky to five cents per gallon.

The galleries of both Houses were crowded to-day on the opening of the session.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

FELLOW CITIZENS of the Senate and House of Representatives:

Since your last annual assembling another year of health and bountiful harvests has passed; and while it has not pleased the Almighty to bless us with a return of peace, we can but press on, guided by the best light He gives us, trusting that in His own good time and wise way all will yet be well.

The correspondence touching foreign affairs, which has taken place during the last year, is herewith submitted, in virtual compliance with a request to that effect made by the House of Representatives near the close of the last session of Congress.

If the condition of our relations with other nations is less gratifying than it has usually been at former periods, it is certainly more satisfactory than a nation so unhappily distracted as we are, might reasonably have apprehended.

In the month of June last, there were some grounds to expect that the maritime powers, which, at the beginning of our domestic difficulties, so unwisely and unnecessarily, as we think, recognized the insurgents as belligerent, would soon recede from that position, which has proved only less injurious to themselves than to our own country. But the temporary reverses which afterwards befel the national arms, and which were exaggerated by our own disloyal citizens abroad, have hitherto delayed that act of simple justice. The civil war, which has so radically changed for the moment the occupations and habits of the American people, has necessarily disturbed the social condition, and affected very deeply the prosperity of the nations with which we have carried on a commerce that has been steadily increasing throughout a period of half a century.

It has, at the same time, excited political ambitions and apprehensions, which have produced a profound agitation throughout the civilized world. In this unusual agitation we have forborne from taking part in any controversy between foreign states and between parties or factions in such States.

We have attempted no propagandism and acknowledged no revolution. But we have left to every nation the exclusive conduct and management of its own affairs.

Our struggle has been of course contemplated by foreign nations with reference less to its own merits than to its supposed and often exaggerated effects and consequences resulting to those nations themselves. Nevertheless, complaint on the part of this Government, even if it were just, would certainly be unwise.

On the other hand, the action of the United States has been constantly regulated by the most friendly regard for the nations of Europe, and especially for our ancient parent, Great Britain. In like manner we have treated with liberality and justice those powers which, at the beginning of our troubles, were the first to acknowledge our belligerent rights, claiming only forbearance in return. Authorized by the Congress, I caused the progress of our armaments to be brought to the notice of those powers by informal communications. Great Britain, in consequence chiefly of her peculiar historical relations to the United States, sooner than other nations, practically conformed to our system of blockade, which is founded upon principles entirely incontestable, and has been actually enforced with success during the present war. Other governments have been prompt in following the example. Material aid has been withheld from the insurgents, and general sympathy with the national cause has been manifested, so far as could be indicated by the acts of sovereigns, who, as a class, naturally desire the early suppression of a war which is driving commerce from the ocean, and severely injuring the laboring classes throughout the world.

A blockade of three thousand miles of seacoast could not be established and vigorously enforced in a season of great commercial activity like the present, without committing occasional mistakes and inflicting unintentional injuries upon foreign nations and their subjects. A civil war occurring in a country where foreigners reside and carry on trade under treaty stipulations, is necessarily fruitful of complaints of the violation of neutral rights. All such collisions tend to excite misapprehensions, and possibly to produce mutual reclamations between nations which have a common interest in preserving peace and friendship. In clear cases of these kinds, I have, as far as possible, heard and redressed complaints which have been presented by friendly powers.

There is still, however, a large and augmenting number of doubtful cases in which the Government is unable to agree with the governments whose protection is demanded by the claimants. There are, moreover many cases in which the United States or their citizens suffer wrongs from the naval or military authorities of foreign nations, which the governments of those States are not at once prepared to redress. I have proposed to some of the foreign States thus interested mutual conventions to examine and adjust such complaints. This proposition has been made especially to Great Britain, to France, to Spain, and to Russia. In each case it has been kindly received, but has not yet been formally adopted. I deem it my duty to recommend an appropriation in behalf of the owners of the Norwegian bark Admiral Tordenskiold, which vessel was, in May, 1861 prevented by the commander of the blockading force off Charleston from leaving that port with a cargo, notwithstanding a similar privilege had shortly before been granted to an English vessel.

I have directed the Secretary of State to cause the papers in the case to be communicated to the proper Committees.

Applications have been made to me by many free Americans of African descent to favor their emigration, with a view to such colonization as was contemplated in recent acts of Congress. Other parties, at home and abroad—some from interested motives, others upon patriotic considerations, and still others influenced by philanthropic sentiments, have suggested similar measures; while, on the other hand, several of the Spanish American Republics have protested against the sending of such colonies to their respective territories.

Under the circumstances I have declined to move any such colony to any State without first obtaining the consent of its government, with an agreement on its part to receive and protect such emigrants in all the rights of freemen. And I have at the same time offered to the several States situated within the tropics or having colonies there, to negotiate with them, subject to the advices and consent of the Senate, to favor the voluntary emigration of persons of that class to their respective territories, upon conditions which shall be equal, just and humane.

Liberia and Hayti are as yet the only countries to which colonists of African descent from here could go with certainty of being received and adopted as citizens, and I regret to say that such persons as consiterate colonization do not seem as willing to migrate to those countries as to some others, nor so willing as I think their interest demands. I believe, however, the opinion among them in this respect is improving, and that ere long there will be an augmented and rapid emigration to both these countries from the United States.

The new commercial treaty between the United States and the Sultan of Turkey has been carried into execution. A commercial and consular treaty has been negotiated with Liberia, and a similar negotiation is now pending with the Republic of Hayti. A considerable improvement of the national commerce is expected to result from these measures.

Our relations with Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, the Netherlands, Italy, Rome and the other European States, remain undisturbed. Very friendly relations also continue to be maintained with Turkey, Morocco, China, and Japan.

During the last year there has not only been no change of our foreign relations with the independent States of our own continent, but more friendly sentiments than have heretofore existed, are believed to prevail with these neighbors, whose safety and progress are so intimately connected with our own. This statement especially applies to Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Honduras, Peru and Chili.

The Commission under the Convention with the Republic of New Grenada, closed its session within the time limited by law, and all the claims which were submitted to it. A proposition is pending to revive the Convention, that it may be able to do more complete justice.

The joint commission between the United States and the Republic of Costa Rica, has completed its labors and submitted its report.

I have favored the project for connecting the United States with Europe by an Atlantic telegraph, and a similar project to extend the telegraph from San Francisco to connect by a Pacific telegraph with the line which is being extended across the Russian Empire.

The territories of the United States, with unimportant exceptions, have enjoyed unusual health during the civil war, and they are exhibiting such evidence of prosperity as justifies an expectation that some of them will soon be in a condition to be organized as States, and be constitutionally admitted into the Federal Union. The immense mineral resources of some of these territories ought to be developed as rapidly as possible. Every step in that direction would have a tendency to improve the revenues of the Government and diminish the burdens of the people. It is worthy of your serious consideration whether some extraordinary measures to promote that end cannot be adopted. For example, a geological exploration, such as is said to be now prosecuted in Russia, might be found to be effective as a scientific exploration of the mineral regions in those territories, with a view to the publication of its result at home and in foreign countries—a result which cannot fail to be auspicious

The condition of the finances will claim your most diligent consideration. The vast expenditures made necessary by the military and naval operations required for the suppression of the rebellion, have hitherto been met with a promptitude and certainty unusual in similar circumstances, and the public credit has been fully maintained.

The continuance of the war, however, and the increased disbursements made necessary by the augmented forces now in the field, demand your best reflections as to the best modes of providing the necessary revenue, without injury to business, and with the least possible burden upon labor.

The suspension of specie payments by the banks, soon after the commencement of your last session, made large issues of United States notes unavoidable In no other way could the payment of the troops, nd the satisfaction of other just demands be so reconcilable, or so well provided for.

The judicious legislation of Congress securing the convertibility of these notes for loans and internal duties and making them a legal tender for other debts, has made them an universal currency, and has satisfied, partially at least and for the time, the long felt want of an uniform circulating medium, saving thereby to the people immense sums in discounts and exchanges.

A return to specie payments, however, at the earliest period compatible with due regard to all the interests concerned, should ever be kept in view. Fluctuations in the value of currency are always injurious, and to reduce these fluctuations to the lowest possible point will always be a leading purpose in wise legislation. Convertibility—prompt and perfect convertibility into coin is generally acknowledged to be the best and surest safeguard against them, and it is extremely doubtful whether a circulation of United States notes, payable in coin and sufficiently large for the wants of the people, can be permanently, usefully and safely maintained. Is there then any other mode in which the necessary provision for the public wants can be made and the great advantages of a safe and uniform currency secured?

I know of none which promises such certain results and is, at the same time, so unobjectionable, as the organization of Banking Associations, under a general act of Congress, well guarded in its provisions. To such associations the Government might furnish circulating notes on the security of United States bonds, deposited in the Treasury. These notes, prepared under the supervision of proper officers, being uniform in appearance and security, and convertible always into coin, would at once protect labor against the evils of a vicious currency, and facilitate commerce by cheap and safe exchanges. A moderate reservation from the interest on the bonds would compensate the United States for the preparation and distribution of the notes and a general supervision of the system, and would lighten the burden of that part of the public debt employed as securities. The public credit, moreover, would be greatly improved, and the negotiation of new loans greatly facilitated by the steady market demand for Government bonds, which the adoption of the proposed system would create.

It is an additional recommendation of the measure, of considerable weight in my judgment, that it would reconcile, as far as possible, all existing interests, by the opportunity offered to existing institutions, to reorganize under the act, substituting only the secured uniform national circulation for the local and various circulation, secured and unsecured, now issued by them.

The receipts into the Treasury from all sources, including loans and the balance from the preceding year, for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1862, were $583,885,247 06—of which sum $49,056,397 62 were from customs, $1,795,331 73 from the direct tax. From public lands, $152 203 77; from miscellaneous sources, $931,787 64; from loans in all forms, $529,682,460 50. The remainder, $2,257,065 80, was the balance from the preceding year.

The disbursements during the same period were—

For Congressional, Executive and Judicial purposes, - - -	$5,939,009 29
For foreign intercourse, - - -	1,339,710 35
For miscellaneous expenses, including the mints, land, navy, post-office deficiencies, collection of revenue and other like charges,	14,129,771 50
For expenses under the Interior Department, - - -	3,102,985 52
Under the War Department, -	394,368,407 36
Under the Navy Department, -	42,674 569 69
For interest on the public debt, -	13,100,324 45
For payment of the public debt, including the reimbursement of the temporary loan and redemption, - - - -	96,096,922 09
Making an aggregate of -	$570,841,700 25

And leaving a balance in the Treasury on the 1st day of July, 1862, of $13,043,546 81.

It should be observed that the sum of $96,096,922 09 expended for the reimbursements and redemption of the public debt being included; also in the loans made, may be properly deducted both from the receipts and expenditures, leaving the actual receipts for the year $487,788,324 97, and the expenditures $474,744,788 16.

Other information on the subject of the finances will be found in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, to whose statements and views I invite your most candid and considerate attention.

The reports of the Secretary of War and of the Navy are herewith transmitted. These reports, though lengthy, are scarcely more than brief abstracts of the very numerous and extensive transactions and operations conducted through these Departments. Nor could I give a summary of them here upon any principle which would admit of it being much shorter than the reports themselves. I therefore content myself with laying the reports before you and asking your attention to them.

It gives me pleasure to report a decided improvement in the financial condition of the Post office Department. As compared with several preceding years, the receipts for the fiscal year 1861 amounted to $8,349,296 40, which embraced revenue from all the States of the Union for three-quarters of that year. Notwithstanding the cessation of revenue from the so called seceded States during the last fiscal year, the increase of the correspondence of the loyal States has been sufficient to produce a revenue during same year of $8,299,820 50, being only $50,000 less than was derived from all the States of the Union during the previous year. The expenditures show a still more favorable result. The amount expended in 1861 was $13,606,759 11. For the last year the amount has been reduced to $11,125 364 13, showing a decrease of about $2,481,600 in the expenditures as compared with the preceding year, and about $3,750,000 as compared with the fiscal year 1860.

The deficiency in the Department for the previous year was $1,557,966 88. For the last fiscal year it was reduced to $214 814 57 These favorable results are in part owing to the cessation of mail service in the insurrectionary States, and in part to a careful review of all expenditures in that Department on the interest of economy The efficiency of the postal service, it is believed, has also been much improved.

The Postmaster General has also opened a correspondence, through the Department of State, with foreign governments, proposing a convention of postal representatives, for the purpose of simplifying the rates of foreign postage, and to expedite the foreign mails. This proposition, equally important to our adopted citizens and to the commercial interests of this country, has been favorably entertained and agreed to by all the governments from whom replies have been received.

I ask the attention of Congress to the suggestion of the Postmaster General, in his report respecting the further legislation required, in his opinion for the benefit of the postal service.

The Secretary of the Interior reports as follows in regard to the public lands:

The public lands have ceased to be a source of revenue. From the 1st of July, 1861, to the 30th of September, 1862, the entire cash receipts were $37,476 26—a sum much less than the expenses of our land system during the same period.

The Homestead law, which will take effect on the 1st of January next, offers such inducements to settlers that sales for cash cannot be expected to an extent sufficient to meet the expenses of the General Land Office, and the cost of surveying and bringing the land into market. The discrepancy between the sum here stated as arising from the sales of the public lands and the sums derived from the same source as reported from the Treasury Department, arises, as I understand, from the fact that the periods of time, though apparently, were not exactly coincident at the beginning point—the Treasury report including a considerable sum now which had previously been reported from the Interior, sufficiently large to greatly overreach the sum derived from the three months' now reported by the Secretary of the Interior, and not by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Indian tribes upon our frontiers have, during the past year, manifested a spirit of insubordination, and at several points have engaged in open hostilities against the white settlements in their vicinity. The tribes occupying the Indian country south of Kansas renounced their allegiance to the United States, and entered into treaties with the insurgents. Those who remained loyal to the United States were driven from the country. The Chief of the Cherokees has visited this city for the purpose of restoring the former relations of the tribe with the United States. He alleges that they were constrained by a superior force to enter into treaties with the insurgents, and that the United States neglected to furnish the protection which their treaty stipulations required.

In the month of August last, the Sioux Indians in Minnesota attacked the settlements in their vicinity with extreme ferocity, murdering indiscriminately men, women and children. This attack was wholly unexpected, and therefore no means of defence had been provided It is estimated that not less than eight hundred persons were killed by the Indians, and a large number captured. The property destroyed by this outbreak was induced is not definitely known, and suspicions which may be unjust need not be stated.

Information was received by the Indian Bureau, from different sources, about the time hostilities were commenced, that a simultaneous attack was to be made by the Indians on the settlements in the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains. The State of Minnesota has suffered great injury from this Indian war. A large portion of her territory has been depopulated, and a severe loss has been sustained by the destruction of property. The people of that State are making vigorous efforts for the removal of the tribe beyond the limits of the State as a guarantee against future hostilities. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs will furnish full details.

I submit for your especial consideration whether our Indian system shall not be remodelled. Many wise and good men have impressed me with the belief that this can be profitably done.

I submit a statement of the proceedings of the Commissioners, which shows the progress that has been made in the enterprise of constructing a railroad; and this suggests the early completion of this road, and also the early action of Congress upon the projects now pending before them for enlarging the capacities of the great canals in New York and Illinois, as being of vital and rapidly increasing importance to the whole nation, and especially to the vast interior region hereafter to be noticed at some greater length. I propose having prepared and laid before you, at an early day, some interesting and valuable statistical information upon this subject.

The military and commercial importance of enlarging the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and improving the Illinois River, is presented in the report of Col. Webster to the Secretary of War, and now transmitted to Congress. I respectfully ask attention to it.

To carry out the provisions of the act of Congress of the 15th of May last, I have caused the Department of Agriculture of the United States to be organized. The Commission informs me that within the period of a few months, that department has established an extensive system of correspondence and exchanges, both at home and abroad, which promises to effect highly beneficial results in the development of correct knowledge of recent improvements in agriculture in the introduction of new products, and in the agricultural statistics of the different States. Also, that it will soon be prepared to distribute, largely, seeds, cereals, plants and cuttings, and has already published and liberally diffused much valuable information, in anticipation of a more elaborate report, which will in due time be furnished, embracing some valuable facts in chemical science now in progress in the laboratory.

The creation of this Department was for the more immediate benefit of a large class of our most valuable citizens, and I trust that the liberal basis upon which it has been organized will not only meet your approbation, but that it will realize at no distant day all the fondest anticipations of its most sanguine friends, and become the source of advantage to all our people.

On the 22d day of September last, a proclamation was issued by the Executive, a copy of which is herewith submitted, in accordance with the purpose expressed in the second paragraph of that paper, I now respectfully recall your attention to what may be called "compensated emancipation."

A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people and its laws. The territory is the only part which is of certain durability. "One generation passeth, and another cometh, but the earth abideth forever." It is of the first importance to duly consider and estimate this ever enduring fact. That portion of the earth's surface, which is owned and inhabited by the people of the United States, is well adapted to be the home of one national family, and it is not well adapted for two or more. Its vast extent and its variety of climate and productions are of advantage in this age for one people, whatever they might have been in former ages. Steam, telegraphs, and intelligence have brought these to be an advantageous combination for one united people. In the inaugural address I briefly pointed out the total inadequacy of disunion as a remedy for the differences between the people of the two sections. I did so in language which I cannot improve, and which, therefore, I beg leave to repeat:

One section of our country believes slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive slave clause of the Constitution and the law for the suppression of our foreign slave trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any laws can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured, and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revieved without restriction in one section, while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

"Physically speaking we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build impassable walls between them. A husband and wife may be divorced and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other, but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war—you cannot fight always, and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old question as to terms of intercourse are again upon you. There is no line, straight or crooked, suitable for a national boundary upon which to divide. Trace through from east to west, upon the line between the free and slave country, and we shall find a little more than one third of its length are rivers, easy to be crossed, and populated or soon to be populated thickly upon both sides, while nearly all its remaining length are merely surveyor's lines, over which people may walk back and forth, without any consciousness of their presence. No part of this line can be made any more difficult to pass by writing it down on paper or parchment as a national boundary.

The fact of separation, if it comes, gives up on the part of the seceding section, the fugitive slave clause, along with all other constitutional obligations upon the section seceded from, while I should expect no treaty stipulation would ever be made to take its place. But there is another difficulty. The great interior region bounded east by the Alleghenies north by the British dominions, west by the Rocky Mountains, and south by the line along which the culture of corn and cotton meets, and which includes part of Virginia, part of Tennessee, all of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota and the Territories of Dacotah, Nebraska and part of Colorado, is a ready has about ten millions of people, and will have fifty millions within fifty years, if not prevented by any political folly or mistake. It contains more than one third of the country owned by the United States, certainly more than one million of square miles. Once half as populous as Massachusetts already is, it would have more than seventy-five millions of people. A glance at the map shows that, territorially speaking, it is the great body of the republic. The other parts are but marginal borders to the magnificent region sloping west from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, being deepest and also the richest in undeveloped resources.

In the productions of provisions, grain, grasses, and all which proceed from them, this great interior region is materially one of the most important in the world. Ascertain from the statistics the small population of this region which has just been brought into cultivation, and also the large and rapidly increasing amount of its products, and we shall be overwhelmed with the magnitude of the prospect presented. And yet this region has no seacoast—touches no ocean anywhere. As part of one nation its people now find and may forever find their way to Europe by New York, to South America and Africa by New Orleans, and to Asia by San Francisco; but separate from the common country into two nations, as designed by the present rebellion, and every man of this great interior region is thereby cut off from some one or more of the outlets, not by a physical barrier but by embarrassing and onerous trade regulations. And this is true wherever a line, if any, may be fixed. Place it between the now free and slave country, or place it South of Kentucky or North of Ohio, and still the truth remains that no part of it can enjoy trade on any port or place North of it, except upon terms dictated by a Government foreign to them. These outlets, East, West and South, are indispensable to the well-being of the people inhabiting and to inhabit this vast interior region. Which of the three may be the best is no proper question; all are better than either, and all of right belong to that people and to their successors forever. True to themselves, they will not ask where a line of separation shall be, but will view rather that there shall be no such line. Nor are the marginal regions less interested in the communication to and through them to the great outside world. They, too, for the same reason, must have access to this Egypt of the West, without paying toll for the crossing of any national boundary.

Our national strife springs not from our permanent past, not from the land we inhabit, not from our natural homestead. There is no possible severing of this, as one would multiply and not mitigate evils among us. In all its adaptation and aptitudes, it demands union and abhors separation—in fact, it would ere long force reunion, however much of blood and treasure the separation might have cost. Our strife pertains to ourselves—to the passing generations of men; and it can without convulsion be hushed forever with the passing of one generation. In this view I recommend the adoption of the following resolution and articles amendatory to the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following articles be proposed to the legislatures or conventions of the several States as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, all or any of which articles when ratified by three-fourths of the said legislatures or conventions, to be valid as part or parts of said Constitution, viz:

Article —. Every State, wherein slavery now exists, which shall abolish the same therein, at any time or times before the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, shall receive compensation from the United States as follows, to wit:

The President of the United States shall deliver to every such State, bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of for each slave shown to have been therein by the eighth census of the United States, said bonds to be delivered to such State by installments, or in one parcel at the completion of the abolishment, accordingly as the same shall have been gradual, or at one time within such State, and interest shall begin to run upon any such bonds only from the proper time of its delivery as aforesaid. And no slave shall be counted so as aforesaid, and afterwards returned to slavery or tolerating slavery therein, shall refund to the United States the bonds so received, or the value thereof, and all interest paid thereon.

Article —. All slaves who shall have enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of the war at any time during the pending rebellion, shall be forever free, but all owners of such who shall not have been disloyal, shall be compensated for them at the same rates as is provided for States adopting the abolishment of slavery, but in such a way that no slave shall be twice accounted for.

Article —. Congress may appropriate money and otherwise provide for colonizing free colored persons, with their own consent at any place or places, without the United States.

I beg indulgence to discuss these proposed articles at some length. Without slavery, the rebellion could never have existed; without slavery, it could not continue.

Among the friends of the Union there is great diversity of sentiment and of policy in regard to slavery and the African race amongst us. Some would perpetuate slavery; some would abolish it suddenly, and without compensation; some would abolish it gradually, and with compensation; some would remove the freed people from us, and some would retain them with us; and there are yet other minor diversities. Because of these diversities we waste much strength in struggles among ourselves.

By mutual concession, we should harmonize and act together. This would be compromise, but it would be compromise among friends, and not with the enemies of the Union. These articles are intended to embody a plan of such mutual concessions.

ARMY AND NAVY.

OUR NEW IRON-CLADS.—The Catskill (Ericsson battery) and the Keokuk (Mr. Whiting's new mailed ship) will be launched next week. The Nantucket, at Boston, is also approaching completion. The following is the present condition of the nine Ericsson Monitors, built under the first of the late contracts:

Name.	*Condition.*	*Place.*
Passaic.	On duty,	Fortress Monroe.
Montauk,	Fitting out,	New York.
Catskill,	Prep for launch,	Greenpoint.
Weehawken,	Fitting out,	Jersey City.
Nahant,	do.	Boston.
Patapsco,	do.	Wilmington, Del.
Nantucket,	Prep. for launch,	Boston,
Lehigh	do.	Chester, Pa.
Sangamon.	Fitting out,	do.

Besides these, another supply of longer vessels is building, and there are three great ocean steamers, the Puritan, Dictator and another designed in Washington; in all a formidable fleet. The high wages of laborers and the scarcity of men, however, will delay their completion.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, December 3, 1862.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

PHILADELPHIA.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE

in Every Paper During the Entire Year;

The publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper," with a view of stimulating the friends of the paper to still further increase its circulation and the sphere of its usefulness, have determined to offer

$300 IN CASH PREMIUMS.

$100	for the largest Club, not less than from any one Town.	300
75	for the next largest, not less than from any one Town.	250
50	for the next largest, not less than from any one Town.	200
40	for the next largest, not less than from any one Town.	150
20	for the next largest, not less than from any one Town.	100
10	for the next largest, not less than from any one Town.	75
5	for the next largest, not less than from any one Town.	50

No competitor can receive more than one premium for the same list of subscribers. This offer commences with the first of November, 1862, and will include all names, accompanied with the subscriptions, received between that date and the 1st day of March 1863.

The premiums above offered, in connection with the abatement in prices allowed in the terms of the paper to those who subscribe in clubs, it is believed will be found inducement sufficient to young men in various neighborhoods to exert themselves in behalf of the "Newspaper."

The direct fruits of a little effort, as here suggested, cannot fail to secure to those making it, not only satisfactory pecuniary rewards, but the consolation of knowing that they have engaged in a work of real advantage to each of their neighbors as they may have induced to become readers of a really instructive Family Newspaper.

Being now the great feature of the times, the publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper" will devote their best energies to command the most reliable intelligence from our armies, giving in each number all

THE WAR NEWS.

For a year or two past this heretofore peaceful and prosperous nation has been involved in the most gigantic and destructive war the world has ever known, and at present the probabilities are that the interest in it will continue for months to come, though the rebellion should be sooner overcome. In the meantime the "Newspaper" will closely note its most important events. By following the operations of the armies from day to day, succinctly presenting the whole from week to week, we shall furnish a fresh and running history of this lamentable rebellion.

THE STORY DEPARTMENT

Is made up almost wholly with Original Stories, from the best authors that prompt and liberal payment can draw to its columns. The

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT,

each week, occupies some three or four of the long columns of the "Newspaper," and is a most interesting feature of the paper, being almost wholly original and comprising the usual variety for

The Farmer and Land Owner!
The Grazier and Breeder!
The Orchardist and Gardener!
The Dairyman and the Apiarian!

And for all interested in the pleasures of the fireside!

THE NEWS AND MARKET REPORTS

and all the late and important information may always be found in the columns of the "Dollar Newspaper." In this particular it stands unrivalled.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TERMS:

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To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to getter up of Club	15 00
Club of Eighty, and one to getter up of Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to getter up of Club	75 00

No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS

inserted at 25 cts. a line per week, and as a medium for the sale of Real Estate, Stocks, &c., and for making known the various articles of Agricultural Machinery, where sold, &c., it is probably not surpassed by any other paper in the country.

☞ No subscription attended to unless accompanied with the money. Address

WM. M. SWAIN & CO.,
Publishers of the Dollar Newspaper,
S. W. corner of Third and Chesnut sts., Philada.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"A FRAGMENT," and "LINES TO A POET," by C. H. C., we have filed for publication.

☞ The Sketch of the "DRUNKARD'S DREAM" is very well in purpose, but lacks the necessary finish to warrant its publication in the "Newspaper."

☞ "The Prairie Outlaw," and "Life on the Border" came duly to hand. Being very crowded, we cannot say when they will appear.

FIRE IN THE LEDGER PRESS-ROOM.

A little after one o'clock, on Sunday morning, the 30th of November, fire was discovered in the press-room of the Ledger office, which charred and injured the wood-work around one of the large power-presses. The water thrown into the basement by the fire companies, besides injuring some of the lighter parts of the machinery, also destroyed a considerable amount of paper. One of the presses was thrown out of use for a few days. The fire originated from spontaneous combustion in cotton waste.

SENSIBLE AND SEASONABLE.

A subscriber at Woodstock, Illinois, under date of Nov. 25, 1862, sends us the following:

"Knclosed please find $1, for which you will be so good as to send me the New paper another year. I have been a reader of the 'Dollar' about seven years, and I should feel like a ship without a rudder, without it. Sometimes it comes hard to get the one dollar to send you, but, when once got, it is not begrudged at all, for it is a never-failing fountain of knowledge, regard the Farmer's Department. It alone is well worth the subscription price of the paper. P. L. W."

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE PIRATE ALABAMA?—It is a little singular that nothing has now been heard of the pirate Alabama for a month. The last intelligence of her is to the 29th ult., six days later than when she chased the *Granite State*, a report of which is in the foreign news published this morning. At the date mentioned she was not more than four hundred miles of our coast, and though there was subsequently a report that she was seen at Sable Island, that is the last which has been heard of her. It seems scarcely credible that this vessel could remain anywhere in the track of our vessels trading between Europe and the United States and not be reported in all this time, or not be overhauled by some of the many cruisers who are after her. The presumption must be that she has departed from the scene of her late cruising ground, and gone to some other and distant field of operations. By doing so she would greatly increase the chances of a longer career in her infamous course.

THE BEAUTIES OF NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING.—The New York Times, referring to the expenses of newspaper publishing at the present time, says white paper, the most expensive of all the articles which enter into the composition of a newspaper, now sells for 18 to 20 cents per pound, while ten cents has hitherto been the outside price. A ream of 480 sheets costs from $9 to $10, and returns to the publisher, at a cent and a half a sheet, after being printed, $7 20. On the cost of white paper alone, therefore, there is a loss of over $4 on every thousand printed. Add to this the cost of news, composition, machinery for printing, reportorial and editorial wages, tax on advertisements tax on gross receipts, and the amount of profit on newspaper publishing at the present time is not so great as to present a very tempting inducement for people entering into such enterprises.

THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—The magnificent dome of the capitol at Washington will be finished exteriorally by the close of December, except mounting the ornaments and lantern. These ornaments are being cast, one representing a honeysuckle, has been placed in position. The present height of the iron work above the basement floor of the Capitol is two hundred and fifteen feet, and the height of the portion yet to be constructed, including the crowning statue, is about seventy feet. Eight millions three hundred thousand pounds of iron will be used in this work. Crawford's statue of Freedom, to surmount the dome, is nineteen and a half feet high, and weighs 15,000 pounds. The cost of this statue is $25,000. The cost of the dome will be about $900,000.

MEXICO AND THE FOREIGN CONSULS.

The Mexican Government recently banished the French banker, Jecker, and five or six other French subjects, detected in an active correspondence with the chief of the French army, advancing upon the Mexican Capital. This has called out a protest from the Diplomatic Corps, at the head of which is the American Minister, Mr. Corwin. Jecker has a large interest in Mexican bonds, received for money lent to one of the revolutionary parties to overthrow the Constitutional Government, and his intrigues in Mexico, and his influence in France, are believed to be one of the principal causes of French intervention in Mexican affairs. The Mexican Government believing that the influence of such an individual in Mexico was dangerous to the country at this time, and having the proofs before it of correspondence with the enemies of the Government, exercised its right to send the party out of the country.

It is difficult to see upon what ground of right the Diplomatic corps rest their protest, and what business Mr. Corwin has to interfere in the matter. The invasion of Mexico is an outrage upon national rights, whether it be for reasons connected with Jecker's speculation, or for graver political reasons, seeking to change the Mexican polity, and to subject the national independence to European control. Mr. Corwin, under the circumstances, had no business to interfere between the Mexican Government and its treatment of French subjects. The French Minister was able to attend to that duty himself, and if not, the French army, which is invading the country, certainly is. The protest itself is of an offensive character, for it indulges the belief that the Mexican Government will not carry into effect a measure so extreme, without having evidence proofs that these foreigners have committed hostile acts against the State, and that their presence in Mexico offers some real peril." The Mexican Minister properly replies, that, by the ordinary rule of judgment, the rectitude of the Government, in the legitimate exercise of its functions, is to be presumed; but in this case the Government had doubtless evidence that the foreigners in question were violating their neutrality, and the right of the Government to banish persons whose presence was opposed to domestic tranquility therefore became its duty. The Prussian Minister took the ground that judicial proofs against the persons were necessary, and even went so far as to threaten to hold the members of the Government personally responsible for all losses and injuries caused to the parties interested.

The Mexican Minister to this offensive note spiritedly replied, that the Government "proceeded in this affair, as in all, with an unimpeachable spirit of justice, and it was only after mature deliberation that it took the step; but it denies its obligation to furnish to any one judicial proofs of the reasons upon which its resolution was based." In regard to the threat to hold the members of the Government personally responsible, he says, these members are only responsible to the President for their acts, not to the authority of any foreign power. He, furthermore, gives the Prussian Consul a gentle hint that he would be better employed in attending to the proper duties of his office than in meddling with what does not concern him. He says:

"It does not in any way surprise the Mexican Government that, after so many violations of the rights of nations, there should now be committed that of refusing to consider the President and his Ministers as a moral entity, invested with the powers of the country, and acting by virtue of them; but only as a collection of private individuals to be subjected directly to the rage of the invaders of the country. This offensive threat has no other explanation than it is designed to intimidate the Chief of the Nation and his Ministers; but in this your Excellency has been most painfully mistaken for the threat of an unjust attack only inspires fear in men without honor and without dignity. In vain your Excellency appeals to the trust committed to your charge for a reason in support of this unjustifiable threat. For the Government of Mexico, your Excellency has no other trust, with reference to French subjects, than that of extending to them your friendly protection; and in this trust it is impossible to find any authorization for the protest referred to, because it would be exceeding your rights, even supposing your Excellency was invested with the full diplomatic representation of France. For this reason, although with great regret on my part, I am obliged to announce to your Excellency that henceforward no proceedings of your Excellency in favor of French subjects will be taken in consideration by the Government of Mexico when your Excellency, upon commencing them, shall exceed, as in this case, the limits of your commission."

This strong hint did not prevent the Prussian Consul from entering a protest for Jecker & Co., to which the Mexican Minister returned this answer:

"The Government of Mexico cannot admit protest or reserve whatever of rights against such of its acts as take place in virtue of the national sovereignty. A protest is made to protect or to acquire a right, but no one can contend that a foreigner can reclaim against the measure of his arrest and banishment always supposing that the power, by virtue of which he is made to suffer the one and the other, is conferred upon the general Government by the Constitution and laws of the Republic, without other limit than its wise discretion, and is subject, consequently, to revision or to demand of responsibility. The protest, therefore, is without foundation, and is offensive to the dignity of the Republic."

It has frequently been asserted in the published letters from Mexico that the foreign Ministers are personally mixed up with and interested in these Mexican claims, and the conduct of some of them seems to justify this assertion.

INCONSISTENCIES OF INTERVENTION

The European powers seem to have voluntarily taken upon themselves the regulation and settlement of the political troubles of the world. No disturbance of a political nature occurs in, or between nations, that there is not at once a disposition on their part to say how far this departure from the usual order of things shall extend, and upon what terms the restoration of peace and order shall be established. It is difficult to discover upon what principle of right such interference is predicated, or to reconcile even the principles upon which they propose to themselves to act. Four different nations and governments, Italy, Mexico, China and the United States have recently been the objects of this kind solicitude for their internal welfare, and yet in each the avowed purpose for intervention has been different and opposite. In Italy it was to reunite a country and a government broken and disrupted for ages. In the United States it is to break up a Union which has existed prosperously for over three-quarters of a century. In Mexico it is to take from the people all control over their political affairs and to establish a form of government already repudiated by them. In China it is in behalf of civilization and Christianity, and to make the Chinese Emperor allow his subjects to be poisoned by opium. The French Emperor now invites England to intervene in the affairs of the United States to prevent the effusion of blood, yet this philanthropic and sympathetic ruler sends an army to Mexico to invade that country and destroy its independence, at the cost of thousands of lives of the people and of his own subjects. While disposed to intermeddle thus with the affairs of other nations, the European powers are jealous and distrustful of each other, showing that each has ulterior designs which the one is afraid to avow to the other. With every disposition to arrogate the right to dictate her wishes to other governments, England is unwilling to act when the advantage appears to accrue to her neighbor France. After prompting the Emperor to intervene in Mexico, in favor of British and French claimants against the Mexican Government, England backed out so soon as the Emperor showed the means by which he intended to accomplish that object, and which would virtually give France the future control of Mexico if the Emperor's schemes should prove successful. Ardently desiring a separation of this government into two confederacies, England tried by every means in her power to create a European feeling in sympathy with her wishes, the better to accomplish her object, yet when the Emperor proposes a mediation, which would practically be the separation of the Northern and Southern States, England declines to act in conjunction with France, for fear the interests of her commerce will be injuriously affected. In all the apparent motives which control these two powers in their relation to other nations, there is not perceptible the slightest regard to the rights of established governments, where they come in collision with the ulterior objects of these two governments. Whether the world is to be held in such thraldom as this for the future, will depend upon the issue of the rebellion in this country. If the Union is restored intact, the power of this Government and nation will be so largely developed, that, henceforth, the ambitious schemes of France and England will be checked, so far as this continent is expected to be the field of their operations. It is for the interests of mankind that this shall be so.

EXPERIMENTING WITH BIG GUNS.—Ericsson has been trying experiments with the fifteen-inch gun in one of his iron-clad turrets, to see whether the opening in the turret itself could not be used as a prolongation of the gun, which would be a better security to the gun, as its muzzle would not protrude outside the shield. Some experiments were made on Saturday, and it was found on discharging the gun that the noise and flame passed outside instead of inside the turret and that the recoil was less than three feet. The experiment was not so satisfactory in regard to deadening the sound. Four men worked a gun which weighs twenty tons. Another feature is the immobility of the Monitors in a heavy tide. Waves break on the iron margin of the craft and splash in harmless foam about the deck.

TUMBLING DOWN AGAIN.—Petroleum oil, which rose so rapidly from twenty-five cents a gallon to a dollar ten, has taken the back track again, and is down, as reported, to sixty cents. The rise was merely speculative, and somebody will make or lose fortunes by the sudden fluctuation.

LITERARY RECORD.

Mistress and Maid. By Miss Mulock. Harpers: New York. J. B. Lippincott: Philadelphia.

This story appaars as No. 224 of "Harper's Library of Select Novels," and is by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "The Ogilvies," &c. It is a very capital story, on the whole, though the opening may seem a little proxy. It winds up admirably. The sins and reformation of Ascott Leaf are depicted with great ability, and the sketch of Peter Ascott, to whom money was everything, is in fine keeping throughout, concluding, unexpectedly, but naturally, with showing him to have a heart. The death of Selina is touchingly related, but the only women in the book worth caring for are Hilary Leaf and Elizabeth Hand, the servant—the latter, so unpromising at first, matures into a true heroine.

THE ENGLISH PUBLISHERS appear to be preparing for a brisk business this season. Among other new works announced are "Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man," by Sir C. Lyell; "A Memoir of the late Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield;" "A History of the Jews, brought down to Modern Times, by Dean Milman; "Wild Wales, its People, Language and Scenery," by Geo. Borrow; "Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds;" and a new book of travel by T. A. Trollope. Messrs. Routledge, Warne & Routledge have in Press: "Pictures of English Landscape, with Pictures in Words," by Tom Taylor. A life of Professor Wilson—the world-famed "Christopher North"—is also announced, and a history of Federal Governments. On the other hand, the late overplus of weekly and monthly periodicals is being reduced. The Literary Budget, rather an ambitious weekly, has been discontinued. The St. James Magazine (monthly) is about to be dropped. The Temple Bar Magazine is about to change hands, and is not believed to be prosperous.

CARLTON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS include "Aldrich's Poems," in blue and gold, with a fine steel portrait engraved from a medallion by Launt Thompson, the sculptor; a new poem by Stoddard; "The King's Bell," an exquisite mediæval legend; "Mariam Grey," a domestic story by the author of "Lena Rivers;" "Shakespeare and Characters," an admirable volume by Hackett, the comedian; a very amusing autobiography, with numerous illustrations, entitled, "Drifting About," from the pen of Stephen Massett; "Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville;" and another remarkable novel, "Vincenzo," by Ruffini, the author of "Doctor Antonio" and "Lavinia."

AMUSEMENTS.

E. L. Davenport and wife at the *Walnut* St. Theatre, had a succession of fine audiences to witness their performances in the legitimate drama. This week they are performing in a six act drama, translated from the French, called "Columbus."

At the *Arch*, Clarke continues his engagement, and to vary his performances this week, produces a new piece called "Everybody's Friend." The house nightly continues as crowded as ever.

The success of Messrs. Gardener & Hemming's *Circus* last week at the National Hall, Market street, above Twelfth, south side, far surpassed expectations, the audiences being crowded and respectable nightly.

Abel & Co.'s Steroptican at the Assembly Buildings, steadily grows in favor. As an artistic exhibition and instructive and refining entertainment, it equals the best open in the city.

The *Eleventh St. Opera House* keeps up its amusing extravaganza in dancing, negro minstrelsy, &c.

CONGRESS RE-ASSEMBLED

On Monday at Washington, for a session lasting only ninety days, and therefore affording but little time for the usual declamation upon partisan topics, and for radical harangues. Tired as the public are of these, the session will undoubtedly be a stormy one, the contest being between those who wish to keep the Administration up to the work of extreme measures, and those who will assail its policy as destructive to constitutional government. The recent elections will greatly strengthen the opposition in their views, and embolden them in the expression of them. The conduct of the war, the removal of Generals in command, legislative criticisms upon military movements, and plans of Congressional strategists for conquering rebellion in arms in a more speedy way than can be devised by professional military men, will be well aired upon suitable opportunities, and upon some which are not suitable. The real work of the session will be the revision of some of the legislation of the last session, especially the financial measures and tax laws, features in both of which will undergo alteration, as the experience of the few months suggests necessary. To the practical work of the session, it is to be hoped that early attention will be given, so that whatever modification in existing laws may be necessary will be perfected in season, and the mistakes, blunders and inconsistencies attending upon hurried legislation at the end of the session be avoided.

JOHN VAN BUREN ON ILLEGAL ARRESTS.—At a Democratic meeting in New York, on Friday evening, John Van Buren made a speech, in which he gave his reason for visiting Washington recently. He said:

"They have talked of arresting prominent men on our side. They have spoken at times of arresting me. (Laughter.) Not to me; they would not tell such nonsense to me, but to sick relatives, women and children. [Renewed laughter.]

"I told them that they did not dare arrest me in New York city. The physical force was too strong. They thought they would arrest me in Philadelphia, where they had a majority, and I went there to see if they would. [Laughter.] They did not do it there, and I went to Baltimore, and as they did not do it there, I went to Washington, and into the President's house. [Laughter and applause.] And as my business there has been a subject of considerable conversation, I now state that I had no business on earth there, except to see whether they wanted to arrest me; but they did not dare to so long as I kept inside the Constitution and the laws; for though a very moderate lawyer, I know the law enough not to violate it, while I know perfectly well that they did not dare arrest me as they had arrested women. I know this, that if any man connected with the illegal arrests that have been made in New York State sets his foot upon the soil of New York State I will arrest him. [Cheers long continued.] And, so help me God, he shall be brought to such punishment as the Constitution and the laws of this country permit. [Renewed cheers.]

This looks as if Governor Seymour intended to assert Constitutional State rights against the assumptions of U. S. officers, acting upon their own individual responsibility, and arresting people without authority of law.

A CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY has arisen in Memphis between the State Court and the United States Military Officers. Judge Swayne, of the Criminal Court, delivered a charge to the Grand Jury, in which he took ground in opposition to the Government policy in regard to slaves of masters in rebellion. The Provost Marshall has issued an order that any attempt to execute State laws at variance with the orders of the President and the Military Commanders, will be construed as a contempt of the authorities of the United States, and will be summarily punished. All runaway slaves must be treated as free, and the people of Memphis are advised to give them employment as such.

THE MINNESOTIANS FEROCIOUS.—The act of the President, revoking the sentence of death against three hundred Indians in Minnesota, for complicity in the recent murders in that State, has aroused the indignation of the Minnesotians, and the newspapers generally urge upon the people to take the matter in their own hands and deal out vengeance upon all Indians in the State. The language of the newpapers is intemperate and defiant; it could not be more so if they were published in South Carolina. Is indiscriminate slaughter of Indians one of the reserved State rights of loyal Minnesota?

OUR EXPORTS.—The rebellion has diminished our exports the past year one hundred and thirty-four millions of dollars compared with 1860. The exports from the South have diminished one hundred and ninety-six millions, the difference between the two sums above named being caused by an excess of Northern exports of sixty-two millions of dollars, over the northern exports of 1860. These facts, which are reported by correspondents at Washington, probably come from the Secretary of the Treasury's report.

☞ There were 210 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 136 were adults and 92 children. There were 32 from consumption of the lungs; 4 from convulsions; 5 from diptheria; 11 from diarrhœa; 18 from debility; 21 from typhoid fever; 8 from inflammation of the lungs; 6 from marasmus; and 5 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interments of soldiers in this city 26.

BANKS' EXPEDITION ABOUT TO SAIL.—A letter from Hampton Roads published in the Boston Traveller, mentions that 12,000 men were on shipboard at Fortress Monroe, intending to sail on an expedition. The steamer Baltic is to be flag ship. This expedition, it is said, is part of Banks'. Its destination is not known, for Banks keeps his own counsel.

THE IRON-CLADS.—Five of the new iron-clads will be ready for sea before Monday next. Each is armed with a fifteen-inch gun, the effect of which, upon a fortress, is yet to be demonstrated by experiment. A 450-pound ball will make things fly where it hits.

GOING INTO ACTIVE SERVICE.—The drafted men in camp in this State will soon have an opportunity of seeing active service. They are all to be ordered to the seat of war, and preparations are now making to furnish them for an early start.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

The War in Virginia.

VISIT OF GEN. BURNSIDE TO THE PRESIDENT—MOVEMENTS OF JACKSON.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—Gen. Burnside arrived in this city last night, and spent this forenoon principally in consultation with the President and Gen. Halleck. He has already returned to his head quarters.

It is supposed that Gen. Jackson was to-day at Culpepper, designing to move directly thence to Fredericksburg.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Nov. 29.—The enemy continue to raise earthworks around Fredericksburg, but no new batteries were visible to day.

Early yesterday morning a large body of the enemy's cavalry, said to have been Hampton's legion, crossed the river, some distance above here, and, by evading the pickets, succeeded in making a descent upon two companies of the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, in Gen. Averill's brigade, near Hartwood. They captured nearly every man in both companies.

The roads are improving, and supplies are coming more freely from the landings.

From the Army of the Potomac.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Nov. 30, 7.30 P. M.—Some camps of the enemy, visible yesterday, disappeared last night. They probably have retired to the valley behind the range of hills in the rear of Fredericksburg.

New rebel earthworks almost daily make their appearance, and the range of hills in the rear of the town is covered almost continuously with redoubts and rifle pits.

Some of our batteries, whose guns bear directly upon the town, have recently been protected by earthworks.

Five gunboats are reported to have advanced up the Rappahannock, opposite King George Court-house. The right wing of the enemy extends nearly to that point, but at some distance from the river.

A few shots were thrown over the river today by one of our left wing batteries, probably to try the range of the guns.

Gen. Burnside has returned to camp from his temporary visit to Washington.

All is quiet to-night along our lines.

Another Rebel Raid into Maryland.

BRUTAL MURDER OF A LOYAL MARYLANDER.

FREDERICK, MD., Nov. 28.—Between two and three o'clock on Wednesday morning, a gang of twenty or thirty rebel guerrillas, led it is reported, by Evan Tipper, of bridge-burning notoriety, crossed into Maryland and visited the village of Urbana, seven miles southeast of this place, on the road leading to Washington. They made a descent upon the store of Thomas A. Smith, the Postmaster at Urbana, and after robbing the store, made Smith and a young man named Harris, the assistant postmaster, mount two of Smith's horses, with the design of carrying them off as prisoners. Smith, who is a resolute man, watched his opportunity, and gave them the slip in the darkness of the night. The rebels fired three or four shots after him, but missed him. Thinking Harris might also escape, one of them shot him through the body, saying, "We'll make short work of you, before you try on the same game." They then rode away, leaving him for dead by the roadside. The ball penetrated his left lung, and it is reported that he died yesterday morning. He is the son of Dr. Zachariah G. Harris, a very respectable citizen of the vicinity. The gang stayed only about an hour at Urbana, and their special purpose seems to have been to carry away Smith, who is a pretty out-spoken loyalist.

Later from New Orleans.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—The steamer Cambria arrived at this port this evening, from New Orleans, on the 20th.

A powerful squadron was concentrating in the Mississippi. There were already more vessels at New Orleans than there has been at any time since its capture.

A large number of the river boats have been armed.

Great activity prevailed in military circles, preparatory to offensive war movements. A general inspection of arms and men was about to take place.

Col. Nickersen, of Massachusetts, has been appointed to command the brigade, late under Col. Dudley, who has been appointed to a position on Gen. Butler's staff.

The guerrillas still infest the river banks, both above and below the city.

One of our naval vessels had been fired into and returned the shot with grape and canister, but the thick brushwood enabled the assailants to escape.

On the 31st ult., as the steamer Dan was towing a U. S. gunboat from Sabine Pass to the city, she was assailed by a volley from a body of rebel troops who were concealed in a mill. The U. S. forces opened fire on the mill and town, destroying the mill and several residences, and setting fire to other buildings. The fire was extinguished.

No vessel now leaves the city unless it is well armed.

Gen. Butler is about to place overseers on the confiscated plantations, in order to save the cotton and sugar. The new cotton crop was coming in quite freely.

Gen. Butler has permitted the resumption of the publication of the National Advocate, under explanations from Jacob Barker, showing that he had no intention to aid the rebels.

There was still some cases of yellow fever at Houston, Texas, on the 20, but the disease was not epidemic.

The fever was still prevailing at Matagorda, Indianola and Lavaca, and deaths were occurring in each city there.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—The steamer Parkersburg, from New Orleans on the 20th inst., arrived to night, her advices have been anticipated.

The War in the Southwest.

FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY.

CAIRO, Nov. 29.—The grand army of the South are all in motion.

General Sherman, with his forces, left Memphis on Wednesday.

General Grant's army struck their tents yesterday, and marched off on the Holly Springs road. Seven days' rations were prepared. Only one tent was allowed to every twenty men, one to the officers of each company, and six wagons to each regiment.

The rebels are falling back towards Grenada, tearing up the track, carrying off the rails and burning the bridges as they retire.

It is reported that they are even moving the heavier articles of value from Jackson, Mississippi.

The prisoners that have been taken, confess to the utter hopelessness of their cause in the West.

Statement of a Southern Union Man.

He is Captured by the Rebels and Sentenced to be Hung—The Manner in which he made his Escape.

This morning we had an interview with Col. J. T. E. McLean. Col. McLean has just escaped from the hands of the rebels, and the narrative of his escape forms not the least interesting chapter in the history of the war. McLean is a native of Tennessee, but married the daughter of Dr. Skinner, a well known dentist of our city. He has been, from first to last, a Union man. After the capture of Nashville, Colonel McL. visited his native section to advocate the Union cause and aid, in every way possible, to bring his native State back to the allegiance of the old flag. He addressed the people of the State wherever it was safe to do so, and finally raised the Second Tennessee Regiment, of which he was appointed Colonel. He left Nashville in September last for the purpose of visiting the North on business, which demanded his immediate attention. He was accompanied by a second lieutenant of his own regiment. The two had proceeded some fifteen miles from Nashville, when they were captured by a squad of rebel cavalry. After remaining at Chattanooga a few days, they were taken to Richmond, handcuffed and under a heavy guard.

After remaining at Richmond for some time, Colonel McL. and his companion were taken back to Chattanooga and lodged in their old quarters. He ascertained that he was considered as a traitor, and would be shot. He called for a court-marshal, but that was denied. Without a hearing, he was condemned to suffer the penalty of the rebel law. The day before the sentence was to have been put in execution, the officer of the day visited the prison, and, to his astonishment not less than to that of Colonel McLean, he recognised in the officer an old schoolmate and the companion of "earlier days and happier hours." After some conversation, the Colonel appealed to the rebel officer, who was a second lieutenant, to give him an opportunity of effecting his escape. The rebel officer finally yielded, and took Col. McLean by the hand and said: "Mac, pledge me your honor that, if captured in the attempt you are about to make to escape, my name shall never pass your lips in connection with it." The promise was, of coure, freely given. He told him, then, that at six o'clock that evening a certain window which he pointed to would left unfastened on the outside, and that at that hour he would endeavor to have the guard so placed that the Colonel, would not be seen if he attempted to make his escape. At the hour named, Col. McL. let himself down from the window, and made his way to the back of the town. In this he found little difficulty, for the reason that he was dressed in rebel uniform and was as ragged as any rebel in the service. He made for the Tennessee river and paddled a "dug-out" to Stevenson.

When the rebels left Stephenson, he went with them as far as the Nashville turnpike; but when within five miles of Nashville he heard the place had been captured by the rebels. He crossed the Tennessee river again and entered the Union lines, which were on the opposite bank. There he was at once captured as a rebel prisoner, and the explanation he made to his captors was laughed at as ridiculous. Colonel McLean began to doubt to which side he belonged. He was taken before a subordinate officer, to whom he stated that he was Colonel McLean of the 2d Tennessee, that he had been captured by the rebels, sentenced to be shot, but had fortunately effected his escape. The story was not believed. The Colonel was taken for a spy; the Union officer told him that that story would not do—that they all knew about Colonel McLean—that he had been shot by the rebels a week before. Before any serious consequences arose from this mistake, Colonel McLean was recognised.

Col. McLean says, as regards the feeling of his native section, that they are resolved to make any sacrifices for the bad cause in which they are engaged. He says that the young men are all in the army, with very few exceptions, but that they are, if possible, behind the women of the South in their devotion to the success of the rebel cause. The negroes, he says, are fretful and impudent. Whenever he heard the recent proclamation of the President spoken of, it was regarded as the vilest document which could have emanated from the Executive, and many of them were in favor of raising the black flag in retaliation. He says that the people of the South are as determined as it is possible for a people to be, and that they are sanguine of ultimate success in which feeling they are encouraged by the frequent changes made in the commanders of our armies, which they regard as an evidence of weakness and vacillation, which will in the end result profitably to them. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, December 2, 1862.

An effort was made on Friday night to get up a serenade to Hon. Pierre Soule, and other gentlemen recently released from Fort Lafayette and now staying at the New York Hotel. Several of the ward clubs, on their return from the Democratic ratification meeting, halted in front of the house and the bands played a tune or two, but there was no response from the balconies. The reason for their reticence was soon made known by a committee who had waited upon them in their rooms. Mr. Soule and his associates were grateful for the proposed compliment, but were desirous of remaining quiet during their sojourn in this city. The crowd then dispersed. For Mr. Soule, it is said, to day, has changed his quarters. He is now at the Hotel Julian, with Dr. Magill. Ex-Mayor Brown, of Baltimore, it seems, was likewise tendered a demonstration, but he peremptorily declined to receive it. Mr. Soule, it is understood, will shortly take his departure for France. Indeed, it is not certain that he has not already engaged his passage for Europe.

Rev. Morgan Dix was instituted as Rector of Trinity Parish, at noon, Saturday, the ceremony taking place at the mother church, in Broadway, in the presence of a crowded congregation, and with many of the city and country clergy assisting in the services. The services were in accordance with the "office of institution" in the Book of Common Prayer. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Higbee.

There has been quite a lively movement in real estate, during the past week, the transactions, for the most part, being of a speculative character. One hundred and seventy-five lots, in the vicinity of Harlem, were sold by William Beach Lawrence, for the sum of $465,000. The property was sold in one parcel, and the price given is higher than any offered for it in 1860. Six lots, fronting on Sixty-fifth street and Sixty-sixth street, sold for $56,500. The purchaser was Wm. H. Webb, Esq., the shipbuilder. In other portions of the island numerous transactions, of a smaller character, are reported, and at prices unexpectedly good. The abundance of money, and the desire of capitalists to avail themselves of more substantial investments than are offered at the Stock Exchange, are the supposed incentives to the movement.

The notorious Tom Burns, a political rowdy of some note, got into a quarrel Saturday morning, just before daybreak, in Greenwich, near Cedar street, with another politician of like character, in the course of which the latter inflicted a wound with a knife, inflicting such injuries as proved fatal in the course of the day. The name of his antagonist is Dennis Sullivan. The police immediately placed him under arrest.

Steamers Teutonia and Etna sailed on Saturday. The former goes to Southampton, Havre and Hamburg, with 117 passengers. Gabriel Ravel and family are among them. The Etna had 60 passengers. The aggregate specie shipments by these two vessels, are $983,206 48.

Dr. Brown, the alleged abortionist, is to be examined in the Court of Sessions on Wednesday next. An effort will be made by his counsel to exclude the testimony of the alleged seducer, Augustur L. Simms.

The week closed with an easier money market than marked its commencement—but without any symptoms of special activity. Borrowers and lenders alike are disposed to hold back, to see what the deliberations of Congress next week are likely to bring forth. Loans on call, (stock securities), 5 a 6 per cent. per ann.; do. on bond and mortgage, 6 a 7 per cent.; prime endorsed bills, 60 a 90 days, 6 a 7 per cent.; first-class single signatures, 6 a 7; other good bills, 7 per cent.

Foreign Exchange, for Saturday's packets left off as follows: London, 142 a 143¼ Francs, 3f.53¾ a 4f.02½; Antwerp, 3f 95 a 4f 02½; Amsterdam 53¼ a 53½; Bremen, 103 a 103¾; Frankford, 53¼ a 54.

In American gold; the sales reached $140,000, opening at 129½, and closing at 129, buyer 30 days.

ASHES.—The market rules heavy, with sales 40 bbls. at $8 50 for Pots, and $9 for Pearls.

COTTON.—The market rules quiet and steady at 65½ a 66c. for Middling Uplands.

FLOUR, &c.—The market for State and Western flour is dull, heavy, and five to ten cents lower. The sales are 9100 bbls., at $5 50 a $6 60 for superfine State, $5 75 a 6 90 for extra State, $5 50 a 5 60 for superfine Western, $5 75 a 6 25 for common to medium extra Western, and $6 60 a 6 75 for common to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio, the market closing heavy. Southern flour is dull and lower. Sales of 850 bbls, at $6 40 a 6 75 for common, and $6 80 a $9 for fancy and extra. Canadian flour is dull and lower. Sales of 425 bbls, at $5 80 a $6 for common, and $6 15 a $6 35 for good to choice extra. Rye flour is quiet and in fair demand at $4 50 a $5 for the range. Corn Meal is steady, and prices are without material change.

GRAIN.—The wheat market is heavy, and 1 a 2 cents lower for common and inferior parcels. Sales 95,000 bushels at $1 24 for Chicago spring, $1 19 a 1 28 for Milwaukee Club, $1 29 a 1 31 for amber Iowa, $1 33½ for extra choice do., $1 34 a 1 38 for winter red Western, $1 39 a 1 41 for amber Mich, $1 42 a 1 43 for extra do., $1 41 for amber winter State, $1 50 for white Genesee, and $1 55 for white Michigan. Rye is quiet at 83 a 85 cents for Western, and 95 cts. for State. Barley is more active and firmer; sales 18,000 bushels prime State and Canada at $1 40 a 1 58. Barley malt is unchanged. There is no material change in the corn market. Sales 78,000 bushels at 70c. for shipping mixed Western, 64 a 68 for Eastern, and 68 a 69c. for damaged and heated. Oats are dull and heavy, with small sales at 64 a 66c. for common to prime.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is lower for Mess, and firmer for Prime, with sales of 625 bbls. at $13 12½ a $13 25 for Mess. and $11 50 a $11 75 for Prime. The Beef market is steady with sales of 300 bbls. at about previous prices. Prime Mess beef is dull and nominally unchan

THOU WERT ANOTHER'S.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

Thou wert another's when I met thee;
This I dreamed would shield me well;
Now I strive but to forget thee,
Wildly struggling with the spell—
Words I whisper—words of madness,
Clothing thoughts I fear to tell.

Thou wert another's! did I listen
To thy low and manly voice,
Brighter would my dim eyes glisten,
And my faint heart how rejoice!
Could I think it aught but friendship?
Wert thou not another's choice!

Thou wert another's! she did love thee—
But her love was cold to mine;
Other's voice might never move me
Like the lightest tone of thine;
Thoughts of thee were precious jewels,
Lighting up my spirit's shrine.

Thou wert another's! close beside thee
Dreamed I many an hour away;
Time nor distance can divide thee
From this throbbing heart to-day;
For its pulses strong are beating,
With a mighty passion's play.

Thou wert another's!—thou didst wonder
Seeing me so sad and ill;
Smiling, rent my heart asunder,
While the pulse of life stood still—
That I lived to look upon thee
Was not by my act or will.

Thou art another's!—had I never
Risen from a blissful trance,
But had sunk to sleep forever
Where the sunbeams gaily dance,
Tell me, would thine eye in sorrow
On the marble watcher glance?

Thou art another's!—no emotion
Ever may betray me now—
Of my burning deep devotion,
Thou canst never know!
Though I still may wander near thee,
Still shall hear thee whisper low.

Thou art another's!—thou would'st scorn it
Could'st thou see this breaking heart;
And this wretchedness, I've borne it
That I might be where thou art:
Worshipping when gazing on thee,
Weeping when I sit apart.

Thou art another's!—ah! how weary
Is the soul that knows no peace;
Wide, wide world, so sad and dreary—
Shall this sorrow never cease?
Shall I hurry down life's ocean
Craving, finding no release?

THE FARMER.

[☞ We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WINTER CARE OF CATTLE.

Many farmers have large pastures and good feed, and therefore their cattle are in good order through the summer and fall, but as soon as cold weather comes, so that they have to be fed, they begin to grow poor and continue gradually growing poorer, and before the grass grows in the spring they become what is termed "spring poor," and sometimes become so poor that when they lie down they are unable to get up alone but have to be helped. Now what is the cause of this? Some farmers will answer: I knew in the fall that I had not got quite fodder enough, but thought if I could manage to get them through alive, it would be bettter than to sell, or otherwise dispose of them." Another will perhaps say: "My cattle were well fed and were well taken care of, but somehow, I cannot imagine why, they gradually run down, and I was glad to get them through alive." Thus many seem unable to give any reason for their cattle growing poor; and many who admit that their cattle were kept about half starved, speak of it as if it made but little difference how poor their cattle became, if they can only keep them alive. Some farmers are so miserly that they will keep their cattle about half starved, and give them poor fodder at that, in order to keep their best fodder until near spring, when it will sell for a high price, and seem to think that such management is profitable, which is a very great mistake. And some there are who seem to think that it is natural for animals to be poor in the spring, which is another mistake. Others have such poor feed in their pastures, that their cattle get about "spring poor" in the fall, and die by the time that winter fairly begins, or linger in misery until near spring.

No farmer should attempt to keep more cattle than he is able and willing to take good care of. If small farms well tilled are desirable, a few animals well fed are equally so. Before cold weather begins warm, dry and commodious shelter should be provided, and in winter they should always be fed in them. The practice of scattering fodder, especially cornstalks, on the ground or snow, is very wasteful. It is, I think, a good plan to make board partitions in the stable, and therefore keep each animal entirely apart from the others. They should always have a manger to eat out of, and in this way but little fodder will be wanted. Cattle should never have their heads confined by ropes, bows or stanchions; it is a cruel practice.

The principal things to be observed in winter management of cattle, are good, dry and warm stables, plenty of healthy food, such as the cattle will relish, fed with regularity, and given to them in their stables, and not on the snow to be trodden down and wasted. Another foolish practice is to allow cattle to feed themselves on straw-stacks. The next most important thing is plenty of pure water. Many cattle are kept half frozen much of the winter by being kept in cold stables. The stables should be made tight and kept dry and clean; and some straw or other litter should be put on the floor for the cattle to lie on. They should be fed three times a day—the beginning of the winter with the best fodder, and, if necessary, towards spring they can be fed with coarser fodder. Cattle need a change of food, and therefore should not be fed all the time with one kind, but should be fed with hay, cornstalks, straw and roots. Another thing of far greater importance than most farmers are aware of, is a constant supply of pure water, and no farmer need expect his cattle will thrive without it. Farmers should themselves see that their cattle are well fed and taken care of, and not trust entirely nor principally to some hired man or boy, unless known to be perfectly faithful. In the first part of the winter especially, cattle should be well fed, for an animal in good condition the first of January may be considered already half wintered. But, with good fodder and care, they may be kept in good order, and even gain flesh the entire winter. And even cattle that are poor in the fall may, with careful treatment, become in good order before spring. I have known calves that were very poor and weak in the fall, to begin to improve with the commencement of winter and become in good order and strong and lively before spring.

W. H. H. P.

Pilcairn, N. Y., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

YOUNG APPLE TREES.

To prevent mice from eating the bark, to keep the trees in an upright position, and to protect the roots from severe frosts, if the trees have been recently planted, heap up half a bushel or more of dirt around the root of each tree. The dirt should be removed before the first of May. If left till hot weather, the bark of the trees might be injured by a too sudden exposure to the sun. When the dirt is removed, care should be taken to leave the trees in an upright position, which can be more effectually done by treading the dirt hard and close round the body of the tree, and this should be attended to throughout the summer.

Stakes should not be used to prevent young trees from leaning. They are more liable to be raised and leaned by frost than trees are; and it is more trouble to keep them in their places than it is to keep the trees straightened up without the stakes; and stakes are always in the way of farming the ground, which should be done every spring, or every other spring at farthest, while the trees are young.

Fifty trees, properly planted and well cared for, will grow up and bear more apples in less time than a hundred trees will, when planted and treated in the ordinary way, which is, to dig the holes barely large enough to admit all the roots without cramping them; instead of digging a hole for each tree three or four feet in diameter, and then filling it up when the tree is put in with good rich soil hauled for the purpose, unless the soil where the orchard is being planted is sufficiently rich. The tree should be set in the hole about two inches deeper than it is intended to be when the planting of it is finished. When a sufficient quantity of finely pulverized dirt is put on the roots, the tree should be worked up and down gently to alow the dirt to run in and fill up completely among the roots; and when all is finished the tree should stand about the same depth in the ground that it did in the nursery.

Wrightstown, Bucks Co., Pa., 1862. C. T. T.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES OF FARMING.

We read much in the agricultural papers of the books needed by farmers to correct many of their erroneous notions, to benefit them by relating the experience of others, and to inculcate correct principles of farming. Now, these works are good, eminently useful, as far as they go, but their *principles* are often directly antagonistic, and therefore their value is lessened and oftentimes lost altogether. But there is a never-failing book which belongs to every man—it is his brains. A man who has any reason and judgment can work out principles for himself better than any Professor or Doctor, if he only makes his head a grand temple of experience. And most men do it, though few digest and apply it to their use. This is especially true of the farmer. He has a better opportunity of elevating his profession than any other men of business. The variety of soil, the result of seasons, the application of manures, are to him chances to improve his calling. A farmer, after thirty years of farming, should be able to embody his experience and act accordingly. I am sorry to say, however, that very few make their experience a source of gain. They follow in the footmarks of their fathers, and they add nothing to the general principles of agricultural employment, viz: to plow, sow and reap. In my younger days at home, my father hauled out his manure on the fallow just before seeding. Since then I have varied the time of drawing. A portion is drawn out in the fall upon my next year's corn ground. I find it to be very beneficial to the corn, and its effects can be seen through all the stages of growth and earing. I next apply on the fallow in the spring. My wheat is always good. Now my manuring theory may be opposed to certain *principles* of learned Professors, but what do I care? A man must gain all the knowledge he can, add his experience, and then work for his advantage. Every farm has different soils; some are high in improvements, others low; the seasons are unlike. These all must be shaped to make the farm produce the most, and no one, except the farmer who daily sees them, can make them do it. I do not disapprove of agricultural papers; I think that they are *helps* that cannot well be dispensed with. I have received many valuable hints from the "Newspaper" as to farming, and I hope that during the coming winter our brother farmers will note down their experience and let us have them. My maxim is, "elevate agriculture." G. W.

New Jersey, 1862.

A TALK ON HOUSE PLANTS.

None can deny the pleasantness of house plants in Winter. When the hills are clad with snow, and the cold winds howl about our windows, it is not the least promoter and token of comfort and home content, to see a fine stand of plants, blooming and green. They need not be of rare and costly varieties; the number need not be large; only let there be a collection suited to the circumstances of the household, let them be well kept, and the sight will please every eye. We have often noticed how even a single plant in a window redeemed the room from barrenness, gave it an air of comfort and refinement, and prepared us to think well of the occupants. It diffused a certain air of culture and taste through the apartment, a something purer and higher than could come from the most splendid display of rosewood and gilding. Yet it appears that of late years there are fewer good collections of house plants than formerly. Why so? Because our modern houses are made so tight as to exclude nearly all fresh air; because we heat many of them with coal-stoves or furnaces, and light them with gas. Here, then, comes up the practical question of how to grow house-plants successfully.

1. A first requisite is a suitable degree of *moisture*. Who does not see, every year, fine plants at the kitchen window, and poor ones in the parlor? And this because the evaporation, of water from the cooking stove or range, supplies the air with an abundance of moisture. Some plan, therefore, should be contrived for generating a healthy degree of moisture in our parlors and living-rooms. It is not impossible to do this. A house warmed by a furnace should have a broad pan of water in the hot-air chamber, or an evaporator at the register of the room containing the plants. Pans of water may also be placed on the plant-stand, whose slow evaporation will be of some account. Rooms heated by coal or wood stoves, should have some vessel of water on them continually evaporating at least a quart or two of water daily.

Here is another method: nail a cleat on the outer edge of the plant-table, or the edges of the shelves, raised an inch or two higher than the surface of the table or shelf. Set on the pots in their saucers, then fill up the spaces between with moss, or sand covered with moss. The appearance of the moss will be ornamental. Moisten this moss and sand thoroughly, morning and evening, and this will diffuse a constant moisture among the leaves. The roots must, of course, be watered. No universal rule can be given for this, some plants needing much, and others only a little water. Those at rest require only just enough to keep them from wilting. Those in active growth and bloom need much more. For the majority of our plants, the simple demand is that the whole body of the earth be kept moist, not wet. See that the pots are well drained; then water may be poured in freely, and with little risk of harm. To find out when a plant needs watering, examine the soil with a sharp stick; or better still, by rapping the sides of the pot. If it gives out a hollow sound the plant needs more water. Then give it enough to saturate the whole mass of earth, and to run through into the saucer. Do not water again until necessary.

2. A suitable amount of *light* is needed. For the first half of the winter, there is little danger of too much light; but after the month of January, the mid-day sun becomes a little too bright for some sorts of plants. This is the case especially with those in a half dormant state. Drop the curtain at mid-day, or let these plants be kept in a some what retired part of the room. For others, an abundance of light is needful, if we would have well-formed and well colored blooms, and healthy foliage. A south window is of course the best aspect, and next to this a southwest or southeast window. Turn the pots around once a week, or oftener, to prevent the plants becoming one-sided and drawn up.

3. The amount of *heat* should not be overlooked. As dwellings are now constructed and warmed, there is more danger of over-heating than the opposite. A few plants—those especially of tropical origin—require a high temperature, but the majority thrive best at a moderate heat. Those commonly kept in parlors require about 40 degrees by night, and 60 to 65 degrees by day. Much harm is often done by sudden fluctuations of the temperature, caused by letting the fire go down at night, and by opening doors and windows when the air outside is too cold.

4. And this suggests the subject of *ventilation*. Frosty air should not be allowed to blow directly on the plants, yet they need fresh, pure air. In their anxiety to keep their plants warm, many persons confine them continually in air which has long been filled with the odors of vegetation, the gases from the stove or furnace, and the dust of the apartment. As often, at least, as once a day, the window or door of an adjoining room should be opened, and a current of pure—not cold—air, should be made to blow through and among the plants. Whenever the mercury is above the freezing point, a window in the room should be dropped from the top. It were well, also, if all the windows of the room be so loose at the joints as to allow fresh air to steal in continually, and thus give the plants constant refreshment.

These are the main necessities of house-plants. It is a good thing to syringe them daily overhead with tepid water, or to wipe off the dust from the leaves with a sponge. Insects should be guarded against. Many can be killed by thumb and finger; indeed, we have known a large set of plants kept clean by five minutes' daily manipulation. For those who don't like this, a decoction of tobacco leaves, or whale-oil soap, answers an excellent purpose. Stir the surface of the soil in the pots frequently, to prevent it becoming hard. Among the plants which succeed well in rooms, we name the following for a small assortment *scarlet geraniums, monthly roses, pelargoniums, African lily, fuchsias, monthly carnations, striped abutilon, petunias, ivy-leaved geranium.*—*Agriculturist.*

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PROFITS OF BEE-KEEPING.

Mr. Solomon Sawyer, of this village, bought last spring, four stocks of bees in common box hives. Paid eighteen dollars for the same. Transferred one swarm, soon after purchase, into the Langstroth hive. The stocks threw off eight swarms—an average of two each. From the old stocks remaining he derived forty pounds of surplus honey, worth one shilling per pound. From the transplanted stock, and five swarms in the Langstroth hive only five yielded surplus, he derived one hundred and sixty-four pounds of cap honey, in small glass boxes, which readily sells for twenty cents per pound. The account stands thus:

CR.

By four old stocks on hand, at $4 each	$16 00
By eight swarms	32 00
By forty pounds surplus from old stocks at 25¢ cents per pound	5 00
By 164 pounds cap honey from swarms and transfered stock, at 20 cents	32 80
	$85 80

DR.

To four stocks, at $4 50 each	$18 00
To interest on cost, at 10 per ct., one year	1 80
	19 80
Showing a balance on the right side of	$65 00

The colonies possess an average good supply of honey to carry them through the winter. One swarm, which issued on the 24th of June, made over sixty pounds of surplus honey, besides filling the frames in a common Langstroth hive. This is Mr. Sawyer's first attempt at bee-keeping. He thinks if he had possessed his present experience the yield would have been full twenty per cent. higher. As it now stands, it shows a profit of over three hundred per cent.

L. L. F.

Rolling Prairie, Wisconsin, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MINKS AND MINK-CATCHING.

This article may not properly belong to the "Agricultural Department" of the "Newspaper," but as it is a money-making business it will probably be useful to some one. Mink skins are in demand at the Eastern markets for from $1 50 to $2 00 apiece, and will continue to bring a good price till the first of March, when they will probably be worth from $2 50 to $3. The process for catching them is very simple. Take a box about four feet square and twelve inches in height, and make what is called a figure 4. Bait, with a piece of mink, which is relished more by them than any other kind of meat, and set your trap near some small stream or strip of timber, when, by watching and taking out, and setting your trap again, it is no uncommon thing in this part of the country to catch thirty or forty of them in one night. They are about as large as a common house cat, and of different colors. The best and most valuable being those that are jet black. The fur is very valuable in making hats, caps and mittens. And if any of those Eastern dandies, who go out squirrel hunting, wasting time and powder, were to come out in this State on a hunting frolic, they could make at least $500 in one winter on mink alone, to say nothing about deer, coons, opossums, beavers, &c., of which there is a great abundance.

Hopeville, Iowa, 1862. G. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TIME FOR TRANSPLANTING TREES.

There is still much difference of opinion as regards the best time of the year for planting trees. In latitudes far North most trees should be removed in the spring, but in the latitudes of the Middle States, we think fall the best season. And we are sustained in this opinion by a noted pomologist. He says: "First, the time is longer than in the spring; second, the ground is in better condition; third, the trees are then in the most dormant state; fourth, the roots, when cut, heal better, and are prepared to send out fresh ones even before the frost is out of the ground; 5th, the winter and spring rains settle the earth around the roots; 6th, the trees are well established before warm weather overtakes them. Though successful transplanting depends much upon the time, the manner in which it is done is of equal importance. Trees which are removed in a hasty, careless manner, cannot be expected to thrive. Our plan is to wait in the fall until the leaves have been removed by frost, then go to the nursery to select the most thrifty-looking trees, not less than one or much over two inches in diameter near the ground. (Larger trees are difficult to transplant without injury, and their growth is more retarded than that of smaller trees.) We then dig carefully about them, severing as few as possible of the larger roots and of the fine rootlets which absorb a large amount of nutritious matter. In order that they may not be injured by exposure to the air, the trees are then removed as soon as possible to the holes which have been prepared for them, at the same time allowing as much earth as will to cling to the roots. In digging the hole, we make them large enough to admit the trees readily. The surface earth or sod, is then placed at the bottom for a good foundation. We then set the trees with the large roots to the windward, having the trunks also inclined a little in that direction. Too many set out their trees with reference to the points of the compass, instead of referring to the general course of the wind at the particular place where the tree is to stand. Chip dirt is good to fill up with."

Peach trees should be transplanted in the spring always. Evergreens should be set out early in the fall, not later than the middle of October. It is bad policy to allow any kind of grass or weeds to grow about the young trees. If the ground must be used, sow it with buckwheat, or plant in corn or potatoes.

J. B. F.

Blacksville, Va., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

To Preserve Furs, Woollens, &c, &c.—There are very few households, however well regulated they may be, but what have suffered more or less from the depredations of the moth upon their woollens, furs, etc., during the hot season of the year, when they have been put away to await cool weather, when they would again be called into requisition. To those the following method of putting away their woollen goods will be of much value, as it is an unfailing preservative against the ravages of the moth. Procure from a distillery or liquor dealer, a light, empty whisky hogshead. After well cleaning, without washing, and drying, place it in some part of your house but little used during summer, and where it can be kept dark. Now put in your carpects, blankets, woollen or cloth curtains, merinoes, coats, cloaks, furs, etc., and, after nailing on the head, let it remain until the warm weather is over. Chocolate is in common for unpacking, and after a thorough airing they will be fit for use. The cask can be put away until another season.

ATHALIA.

Inkstains.—Housewives who are horrified at the sight of ugly inkstains, will like to get hold of a recipe for removing them. The moment the ink is spilled, take a little milk and saturate the stain, soak it up with a rag and apply a little more milk, rubbing it well in. In a few minutes the ink will be completely removed.

To Restore Crape.—When a drop of water falls on a black crape veil or collar it leaves a conspicuous white mark. To obliterate this, spread the crape on a table, laying on it a large book or a paper weight, to keep it steady, and place underneath the stain a piece of old black silk; with a large camel-hair brush dipped in common ink go over the stain, and then wipe off the ink with a bit of old soft silk. It will dry immediately, and the white mark will be seen no more.

Dried Peaches.—Peaches as usually dried are a good fruit, but can be made vastly better if treated the right way. Dry the fruit by the stove, after halving it, and sprinkle a little sugar into the cavity left by the extracted pits. The fruit will be found to be most excellent, better, to the taste of nine out of ten persons, than any other peach preserves, by far. The peaches, however, must be good ones before drying, for it is doubtful whether poor fruit can be made good by this process or any other.

Egg Plant.—Wash the plant with cold water, take out inside, mash and season with butter, pepper and salt; beat up three eggs, take crumbs of a stale loaf of bread, put in a saucepan with hot lard and butter for frying. Serve hot.

Boiled Maccaroni.—Take two pounds and break it in small pieces, put it in warm water to steep an hour, drain off, put it in a saucepan with two quarts of fresh cream with grated cheese. Season with red pepper.

Apple Jelly.—Pour into a stewpan a quart of cold water, put into it, as quickly as they can be peeled, cored and weighed, four pounds of good boiling apples of fine flavor, codlings are the best; stew them till the fruit is well broken, strain through a jelly bag. To every quart of this juice allow one pound and a half of sugar. This makes a beautiful jelly to preserve other fruits in.

Cookies that will Keep Two Months.—One pint sour cream, one pint white sugar, butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonsful of caraway seed.

To stop cracks in stoves or stove-pipes, mix iron filings, white lead and linseed oil together, to the consistence of putty. Apply to joints or cracks two days before using the stove.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TOBACCO.

There has been considerable written on the subject of tobacco; but I will give a few ideas that may be useful. Tobacco is principally cultivated in the South, but of late years people are beginning to find that it will grow in a Northern climate. The people of this State have been in the habit of paying from 50 to to 75 cents per pound for Virginia tobacco, when it is found, by experience, that we can raise just as good an article for about five cents per pound. The new tariff on tobacco will induce persons to cultivate their own tobacco, as it will increase the price of Southern tobacco about $1 per pound. I do not know of a better speculation for a man of small capital than to come to Iowa, and cultivate tobacco. One person can raise ten acres of tobacco without difficulty, which will yield about two hundred pounds to the acre after being cured, and will find ready sale at seventy-five cents per pound, making $150 per acre clear of all expense. It is like tea and coffee, people must and will have it, and I have seen men barefoot and without a coat, in December, pay out their last five cents for a plug of the nasty weed.

Hopeville, Iowa, 1862. G. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RULES IN INTEREST.

In the "Dollar Newspaper" of September 17, one of your correspondents says that he will give a rule for calculating simple interest, allowing 365 days to the year. His rule is very good if you call a long rule a good one. The rule is this: Multiply the number of days by the decimal .00274, and this product by the number of days, and this by the rate per cent., and this last product by the number of dollars, and you will have the answer in dollars, cents and mills. Now I will give a short rule for any interest and any nummber of days. To get 6 per cent. multiply the dollars by the days, and divide by 6.083, the answer will be in dollars, cents and mills. To get 7 per cent., multiply the dollars by the days and divide by 5.143. To get 8 per cent., multiply the dollars by the days and divide by 4.962. To get 9 per cent., multtply the dollars by the days and divide by 4.055. To get 10 per cent., multiply the dollars by the days and divide by 3.65 This rule is for 365 days to the year, which is seldom used.

G. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PRESERVATION OF PEACH TREES.

Much has been written upon this subject, but the most easy, simple and effectual mode of exterminating the great enemy of the peach tree, and promoting its growth, is to dig away the earth from the body of the tree an inch or two in depth, and supply its place with refuse tobacco, or the contents of the spittoon, the latter is preferable. This should be repeated about once in three months. Try it, and success will be the result.

BOLINGTON.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

Tar.—*Bradford. Pa.*—Will some of your correspondents inform me how to manufacture tar by burning in a kiln?

D. D.

THE TRUNDLE-BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
Listn'ing to the falling rain
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane;
Pausing over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the furthest corner
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read:
"Hush, my dear, lie still in slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant hand,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said.
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry driven;
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father:
Father! who art in heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was, with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked: "Our Father!
O do thou bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God.
But that scene at Summer twilight
Never has from mem'ry fled;
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOUNDED.

"Six hundred and forty-three wounded!"

"If that were all!" My wife spoke in a sad voice. "If that were all!"

"The return is given as complete," I said, referring again to the newspaper which I held in my hand. "One hundred and forty-one killed, and six hundred and forty-three wounded."

"A fearful list, but it is not all," my wife answered. Her tones were even sadder than at first. "A great many more were wounded—a great many more."

"But this is an official return, signed by the commanding general."

"And so far, doubtless, correct. But from every battle-field go swift-winged messengers that kill or wound at a thousand miles instead of a thousand paces; bullets invisible to mortal eyes that pierce loving hearts. Of the dead and wounded from these we have no report. They are casualties not spoken of by our commanding generals.

"I had not thought of this; or at least, not with any realizing sense of what it involved My wife resumed:

"Let us take the matter home We have a son in the army. The ball that strikes him strikes us. If in the list of killed and wounded we had found his name, would there have been no bayonet point or shattering bullet in our flesh? I shiver at the thought. Ah, these invisible messengers of pain and death wound often deeper than iron and lead."

As she thus spoke my eyes were resting on the official list, and I saw the name of a friend. An ejaculation of surprise dropped from my lips.

"What!" My startled wife grew slightly pale.

"Harley is wounded!"

"O dear!" The pallor increased, and she laid her hand over her heart—a sign that she felt pain there. "Badly?" She tried to steady her voice.

"A ball through his chest. Not set down as dangerous, however."

"Poor Anna! What sad tidings for her!" My wife arose. "I must go to her immediately."

"Do so," I answered.

Soon afterward we went out together; I to my office, and she to visit the wife of our wounded friend.

It is strange how little those who are not brought into the actual presence of death and disaster on the battle-field realize their appalling nature. We read of the killed and wounded, and sum up the figures as coldly, almost, as if the statistics were simply commercial. We talk of our losses as indifferently as if men were crates and bales I do not excuse myself. Sometimes I feel as though all sensibility, all sympathy for human suffering, had died out of my heart. It is, perhaps, as well. If we perceived to the full extent the terrible reality of things, we would be in half-paralyzed state, instead of continuing our useful employments by which the common good is served. We cannot help the suffering nor heal the wounded by our mental pain. But let us see to it that through lack of pain we fail not in ministration to the extent of our ability.

When I met my wife at dinner-time her face was paler than when I parted with her in the morning. I saw that she had been suffering, while I, intent for hours upon my work, had half-forgotten my wounded friends—Harley and his wife; pierced by a visible, and the other by an invisible bullet.

"Did you see Anna?" I asked.

"Yes."

"How is she?"

"Calm, but hurt very deeply. She only had the news this morning."

"Is she going to him?"

There has not been time to decide what is best. Her husband's brother is here and will get as much information by telegraph to-day as it is possible to receive. To-night or to-morrow he will leave for the battle-field. Anna may go with him."

"She appeared to be hurt deeply, you say?"

"Yes," replied my wife; "and was in most intense pain. Every line in her face exhibited suffering. One hand was pressed all the while tightly over her heart."

"What did she say?"

"Not much. She seemed looking into the distance and trying to make out things seen but imperfectly. If he were to die I think it would kill her."

"Two deaths by the same bullet," I said, my thought recurring to our morning conversation.

In the evening I called with my wife to see Mrs. Harley. A despatch had been received stating that her husband's wound, though severe, was not considered dangerous. The ball had been extracted and he was reported to be doing well. She was going to leave in the night train with her brother-in law, and would be with her husband in the quickest time it was possible to make. How a few hours of suffering had changed her! The wound was deep and very painful.

It was nearly two months before Harley was sufficiently recovered to be removed from the hospital. His wife had been permitted to see him every day, and to remain in attendance on him for a greater part of the time.

"Did you know that Mr. Harley and his wife were at home?" said I, on coming in one day.

"No. When did they arrive?" was the answer and inquiry.

"This morning. I heard it from Harley's brother."

"How are they?" asked my wife.

"He looks as well as ever, I am told though still suffering some from his wound; but she is miserable, Mr. Harley says"

A shadow fell over my wife's face, and she sighed heavily. "I was afraid of that," she said. "I knew she was hurt badly. Flesh wounds close readily, but spirit wounds are difficult to heal. These invisible bullets are almost sure to reach some vital part."

I met Mr. Harley not long afterward in company with his wife. His eyes were bright, his lips firm, his cheeks flushed with health. You saw scarcely a sign of what he had endured He talked in a brave, soldierly manner, and was anxious for the time to come when the surgeon would pronounce him in a condition to join his regiment. His wound, when referrrd to, evidently gave him more pleasure than pain. I was a mark of distinction—a sign that he had offered even life for his country.

How different with Mrs. Harley! It touched you to look into her dreamy, absent eyes, on her patient lips and exhausted countenance.

"She has worn herself out in nursing me," said her husband, in answer to a remark on her appearance. He looked at her tenderly, and with just a shade of anxiety in his face. Was the truth not plain to him? Did he not know that she had been wounded also? That two balls left the rifle when he was struck, one of them reaching to his distant home?

"In three weeks I hope to be in the field again, and face to face with the enemy." He spoke with the ardor of a strong desire, his eyes bright, and his face in a glow—wounding, and the pain of wounding all forgotten. But another's eyes became dim as his brightened—another's cheeks paled as his grew warm. I saw the tears shining as Mrs. Harley answered, in an unsteady voice.

"I am neither brave enough nor strong enough for a soldier's wife."

She had meant to say more, as was plain from her manner, but could not trust herself.

"Oh, yes, you are; brave enough and strong enough," replied Mr. Harley, with animation. "Not every one could have moved so calmly amidst the dreadful scenes of a camp hospital after a battle I watched you often and felt proud of you"

"If she had not been wounded also—" my wife began; but Mr. Harley interrupted her with the ejaculation,

"Wounded!" in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, wounded," resumed my wife; "and, as now appears, nearer the seat of vitality than you were. Did you not know this before, Mr. Harley?"

My friend was perplexed for a little while. He could not get down at once to my wife's meaning.

"When you were struck she was struck also." "O yes!" Light broke in upon Mr. Harley. He turned quickly toward his wife, and saw in her face what had been unseen before, the wasting and exhaustion that come only from deep-seated pain. He had thought the paleness of her countenance, the weakness that made her step slow and cautious, only the result of overtaxed muscles and nerves. But he knew better now.

"I didn't think of that," he said with visible anxiety, as he gazed into his wife's countenance. "Our wounds, so ghastly to the eyes, often get no deeper than the flesh and bone. The pain is short, and nature comes quickly to the work of cure with all her healing energies. We suffer for a while, and then it is over. We are strong, and ready for the conflict again."

"But," said my wife "into the homes that stand far away from battle-fields come swift-winged messengers that wound and kill as surely as iron hail They strike mothers, wives, sisters—some with death wounds, all with the anguish of vital pain. Alas for these wounded! The healing, if it follows, is never, as the surgeons say, by first intention, but always slow, and often through abscess and ulceration. The larger number never entirely recover. They may linger for years, but do not lose the marks of suffering."

A long silence followed. There were others present who, like Mr. Harley, had never thought of this. I noticed that for the hour we remained together he was tenderer toward his wife, and more than once I saw him looking at her, while she was not observing him, with a troubled countenance. I did not again speak of the early period at which he expected to join his regiment.

On the day following another long list of killed and wounded was given to the public. As I read over the names and counted the numbers, my thoughts came back from bloody field and suffering hospital. "These are not all," I said. "Alas! not all. The ball struck twice, thrice; sometimes oftener. There is pain, there is anguish, there is wounding even unto death, in many, many homes within a thousand miles of that gory place. Some are alone and neglected—dying on their battle-field with none to put even a cup of water to their lips—some are with loving friends, who yet fail to stanch the flow of blood, or bandage the shattered limb—some cover their wounds, hiding them from all eyes, and bear the pain in chosen solitude. The sum of all this agony, who shall give it?"

Our wounded! If you would find them all you must look beyond the hospitals. They are not every one bearded and in male attire. There sat beside you, in the car, just now, a woman. You scarcely noticed her She left at the corner below. There was not much life in her face; her steps, as they rested on the pavement, were slow. She has been wounded, and is dying, Did you notice Mrs. D—— in church last Sunday! "Yes; and now I remember that she was pale and had an altered look." One of our wounded! Do you see a face at the window? "In the marble front house." Yes. "It is sad enough, what a looking eyes!" Wounded! Ah, sir, they are every where about us. Already from over a hundred battle fields and skirmishing grounds have been such missives as pain and death. They have penetrated unguarded homes in every city, town and neighborhood of our once happy and peaceful country, wounding the beloved ones left there in hoped for security. For such there is balm only in Gilead—God is their physician.

THE MODERN JEWS.

Like most Oriental nations, the Jews adhere to their religious doctrines and customs with great tenacity, but even they have not been able to resist the introduction of novelties into their worship. Hence the existence of a body calling itself the Reformed Jews. The difference, however, is more in terms than in reality, the fundamental doctrine of their faith being identical in both branches. Apart from this distinction, the Jews divide themselves into two communities, the one designated as the Shepardim, the other, the Ashkenasim. The last are descended from the German, or Polish Jews, and are far more numerous than their aristocratic brethren.

THE STAGES OF LIFE.

On the eighth day after the birth of the young Jew, he is taken to the synagogue by his father, accompanied by a godfather, for circumcision. If the infant happens to be a first born son, he is, according to Jewish jurisprudence, the property of Cohen, (who is supposed to be a descendent of the house of Aaron, but has no longer any priestly functions to perform,) and must be redeemed on the thirtieth day after his birth; therefore, certain ceremonies take place, during which the father tenders the figurative sum of five shekels to the Cohen, who accepts them as a ransom.

Until he attains his thirtieth year, the young Jew is entirely under the control of his father and mother, who are supposed to be accountable for all the sins he may commit up to that period; but their responsibility ceases on the Sabbath Day succeeding his thirtieth birthday, when a ceremony akin to that of confirmation takes place. The boy is called up to the reading desk in the synagogue, and is required to read a portion of the law. If he cannot read, the chazan, or minister, does it for him, after which the father places his hands upon his son's head, and renounces his accountability for his future actions.

The next important step in his career is his betrothal, which usually takes place at an early age, in accordance with the recommendation of the Jewish law. A number of friends being present, the *Kenas*, or bond inflicting a penalty on either party who shall be guilty of a breach of the agreement, is read, after which a cup is broken, as a ratification of its provisions, by the parties concerned. The marriage follows the betrothal, it may be six or twelve months afterwards, or more.

Due notice having been given at the synagogue, the minister on the Sabbath eve preceding the day fixed for the marriage, chants some ornamental verses referring to the approaching event, and the next day the intended bridegroom has to appear in the synagogue and have certain portions of the law read to him, and pay any arrears he may owe to the congregation.

The way in which the parties spend the morning is in their respective dwellings, on the wedding day, may, I suppose, be the manner in which it is employed by families on similar occasions. Those who rightly realize the awful nature of the ceremony we are about to perform, spend the day in fasting, and reading the service prepared for the day of atonement. As soon as the clock strikes the appointed hour, two men present themselves before the bridegroom and carry him off to the synagogue, where he meets the bride, whom two female friends have brought there with the head enveloped in a veil. The same persons place the two principal performers facing each other under a silk or velvet canopy, supported by four long poles; the shamas, a kind of curate and clerk combined, brings a glass of wine, which he hands to the Rabbi, who thereupon offers up a short blessing, and then gives the glass of wine to the bridegroom, who tastes it and passes it to the bride, who does likewise.

The bridegroom then takes the ring from his pocket and places it on the finger of the bride, saying, after the Rabbi (in Hebrew), as he does so: "Behold, thou art betrothed unto me with this ring, according to the rites of Moses and Israel." The Rabbi then reads the marriage contract, which is written in Chaldee, and is not understood by the parties concerned, who therefore take it on trust; after this the chazan takes a glass of wine, and then pronounces a form of words longer, but similar to that pronounced by the Rabbi, the wine is given to the bridegroom and bride, and an empty glass having been placed at the feet of the former, he stamps upon it and breaks it, whereupon all present wish him *mazal tov* (good speed), and the ceremony is at an end.

If the newly-married Jew has a proper sense of his religious duties, one of his first proceedings, on taking possession of his domicile, is to prepare a mezuzah. This is a tube nailed to the door-post, and contains a strip of parchment, on one side of which is inscribed one of the names or appellations applied to the Supreme Being, and on the other from the 4th to the 9th verses of the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy, and from the 13th to the 21st verses of the 11th chapter of the same book. A similar tube is fastened on the jambs of the other doors in the house; and the Jew who is a strict observer of the old customs of his forefathers, never leaves his house for the first time, daily, without touching the mezuzah with his lip, or bending his head to it as he passes from room to room.

DEATH AND BURIAL

The Jew has no reason to complain of lack of seasons for rejoicing, but days of mourning and sorrow visit him as well as his Gentile brethren. But the manner in which he mourns for the dead is different as regards certain forms from that of the latter, who simply buries his grief in his heart, and suffers it to exhibit itself as little as possible. The coffin is of the simplest construction; and before the lid is placed upon it, a little earth, brought from Jerusalem, is placed upon it. The nearest relatives of the deceased approach in succession, and request pardon of the deceased for any offence they may have given him in his lifetime, and a favorable recollection of them in the world to which he has departed. The Rabbi then makes a cut in the upper part of the garments of each mourner, and tears it slightly, and this rent must not be sewn up until after a certain number of days.

No man is allowed to accompany the corpse to its last resting place, so that the wailing of women, which has chilled the heart of every traveller in the East, and which may be heard in those islands at the antipodes where scarcely a European has set his foot, is never heard here now.

A singular custom is sometimes observed on occasions when there have been several deaths in the family within